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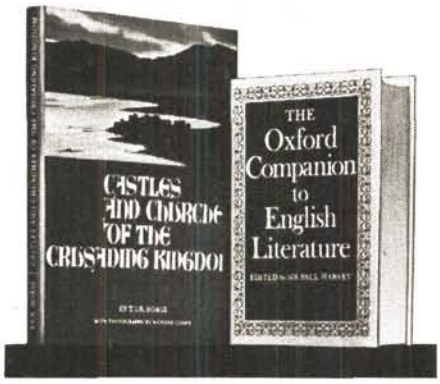

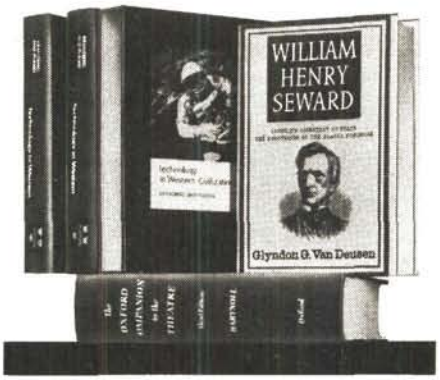

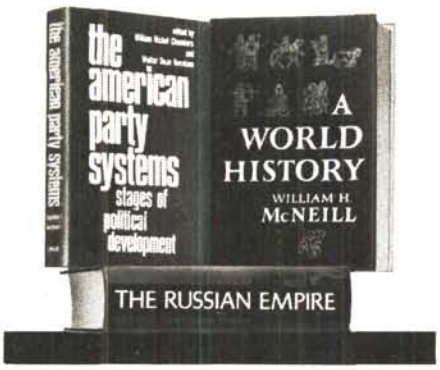

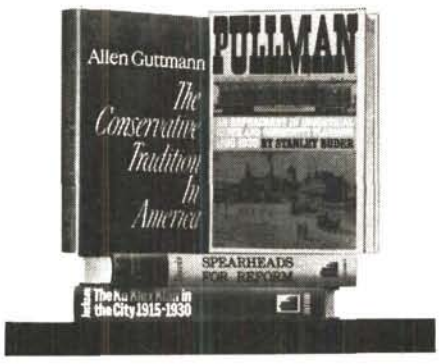

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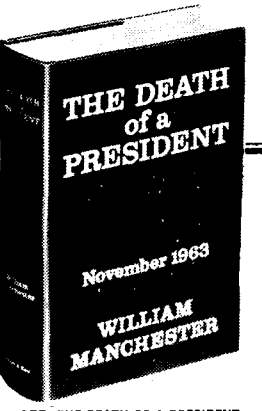

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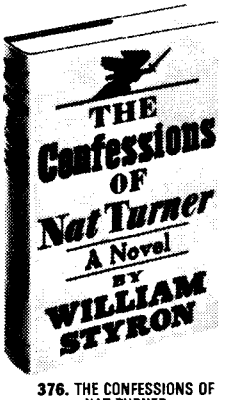

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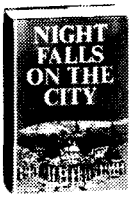

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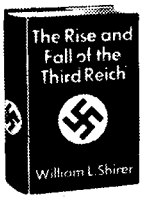

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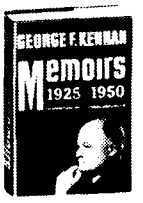

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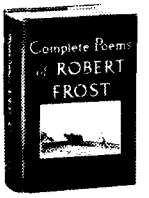

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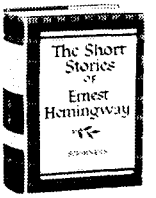

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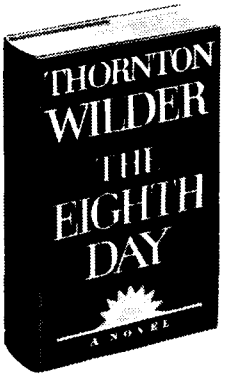

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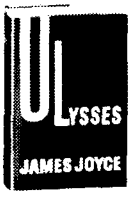

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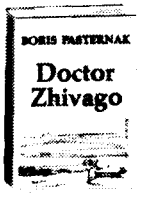

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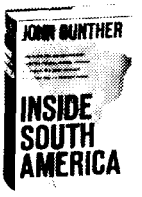

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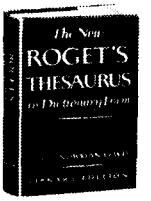

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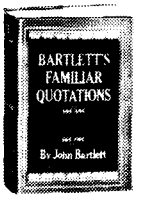

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T.R.B. from Washington

Mister Republican

★ Bob Hope likened Everett Dirksen's ravaged countenance to that of a man who has been electrocuted, and lived. The latest session of Congress writes a new chapter in the happy relationship of this striking figure with President Johnson.

Dirksen has opposed most of the New Deal and the Great Society. He fought education bills, the housing bill, manpower retraining, Peace Corps, area redevelopment and antipoverty measures. He opposed health care for the elderly under social security and blocked repeal of right-to-work laws by a filibuster.

He is Mister Republican. This year he has shaken his wild locks at rent supplements and the model city bill, offered five amendments to cut school aid (all defeated) and opposed minimum wage expansion. He has captained the great new protectionist drive and he scared the whole Western world with proposals for a "Christmas Tree" quota bill with baubles on it for everybody.

Yet the White House loves him. He and Mr. Johnson are, in a sense, symbiotic. They are homespun old pros who know how to reason together. In Washington's make-believe the business of swapping favors is real.

Dirksen's opposition doesn't get under presidential skin like Jerry Ford's. Ev opposes, but he doesn't normally obstruct. The big difference is this: Ev knows he is better off bargaining with LBJ than he would be carrying out orders of a Nixon, Rocky, or Reagan. That wouldn't be true for Rep. Ford. He wants to be Mister Speaker.

Dirksen helped the President get through the crucial 1964 and 1965 civil rights bill, though he blocked the open housing sequel last year. He has gone down the line supporting Mr. Johnson on Vietnam when the Democratic leader, Mike Mansfield, wanted out. More than once Dirksen has told the Senate how the President feels when Mansfield was silent. He is closely consulted by the White House. Administration support for a right-to-work repealer cooled perceptibly when Dirksen indicated that his business clients wouldn't swallow it. Dirksen speaks for steel and distillers and corporations generally, and LBJ understands his commitments. The military-industrial complex supports Vietnam so there is no problem for Dirksen here. Just the same, things have changed a lot since Dirksen taunted Democrats for not backing the war as the GOP did; now Republicans are themselves just as divided.

What does he get for all this? Well, it's pretty cozy for a man of 70. There's prestige. There's deference. And there are goodies. Mr. Johnson named a Dirksen man to a $26,000 sinecure on the inactive Subversive Activities Control Board. When Dirksen had a gastric attack in Florida the President brought him back in an army plane. Then again, Dirksen is counsel of a big law firm in Peoria – Davis, Morgan & Wetherell – and has his name on the door. The President named the senior partner of the firm to a federal judgeship.

"What fees do you get as counsel?" reporters asked Dirksen with the mild manner they reserve for their pet. "Now you are prying into my personal affairs," he reproved them with arch remonstrance.

He Has Pull

★ Powerful groups that support Dirksen appreciate their man's access to the White House. Who knows, they ask, what dangerous welfare idea he is watering down? Ev did splendid work for the big drug firms when Kefauver investigated monopoly prices. Ev will always go to bat for big business. And none of his clients could doubt his influence when the Administration tossed the much-sought $375 million atom smasher to Weston, Ill., even though Illinois lacks an open-housing law. It's amenities like this which make Washington run.

He fought right beside LBJ to continue the moribund Subversive Activities Control Board and denounced communism on the Senate floor in his stained-glass voice. Dirksen has a man on the Board, and the President has a protégé there, too, the young husband of a former White House secretary.

It doesn't do to be too cynical about Washington; Dirksen is only carrying through his duty as he sees it, to business, to party, yes, and to country. He speaks for Republicans who tend to be, by and large, white, Anglo-Saxon middle-class, the dominant majority that ran the country for generations and still controls the rural areas and often the suburbs. Republican votes start where the lawns begin.

The Supreme Court with its liberal notions has been a natural target for Ev. Back in the small towns they loved his proposed prayer amendment. His vain fight to preserve rural-dominated state legislatures from reapportionment was automatic. He has now, with fine flair, produced the paper tiger of a proposed constitutional convention. It has no chance.

Dirksen is comical. He looks a lot like W. C. Fields. He is as romantic as Disraeli. His wonderful gargling organ tones, his self-parodying enjoyment of his own performance, his capacity to expatiate on the gentle beauties, let us say, of the zinnia, do a lot to make Washington a fun city.

But Republican moderates are getting tired of him and he is getting old. He is hurting the party, they say. A likely rival for leadership, Senator Morton (Ky.), forced Dirksen to switch positions on the consular treaty with Russia which he originally attacked. Morton is doveish on Vietnam. Dirksen wants to head the resolutions committee at the GOP convention next year, and write a hawk plank for his friend in the White House. Maybe, but Morton has his eye on him.

"You do not demean the ruler," thundered Ev to the Senate the other day in reply to Johnson critics on the war. "Have you heard the British demean their King and Queen?"

"There is nothing that gives me more pride than to have an opposition that is of the quality and kind of my loyal opposition, led by Senator Dirksen," Mr. Johnson once observed.

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The Public Interest

CONTENTS

COMMENT 5-7
The Public Interest, Innocent Abroad, No Martyr to Marijuana, Hershey and the Draft, Creme de la Crime

The Seedier Media – *David Sanford* 7

How the "Young" Were Kept in Line – *Paul R. Wieck* 9

Rent Strike – *Frances Fox Piven and Richard A. Cloward* 11

Vietnam and Korea: An Exchange of Views – *C. T. McGuire and Charlton Ogburn Jr.* 15

FEIFFER 19

Doomed Lovers – *Stanley Kauffmann* 20

BOOKS – *Reviews by Stephen Spender, Martin Duberman, Theodore Solotaroff, Gilbert A. Harrison* 21

THEATRE – *Richard Gilman* 35

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Just as Christmas stories have to be written in the torrid summer if they are to appear in the magazines to coincide with snow and holly, so the President's messages to Congress in January are being toiled over now. A refulgent glow from one of the ideas that will be officially unveiled in 1968 is already tingeing some White House effusions. What is inspirationally dubbed "the public interest partnership" is actually a spin-off of the notorious military-industrial complex, but Mr. Johnson's special assistant, Joe Califano, prefers calling it "the deepening involvement of the private sector in the public and social problems of our society." The message is that there are profits to be got out of what used to be thought sinful socialism. As Walter B. Wriston, the president of First National City Bank, puts it, "More and more, government is turning to private business to perform under contract the things that we were formerly led to believe only government could do." Like reverting the Post Office back to the days of the pony express.

Comsat is a specially chartered congressional corporation that operates a worldwide communication system throughout commercial satellites. Now there's to be a public TV corporation that will be run by a board of directors "drawn mainly from the private sector," but selected by the President and confirmed by the Senate. Then there's the supersonic transport. The SST is too costly and too risky for private enterprise. So Washington picks the firms to build it and Congress votes the money. The government decided the plane should be built because, says Califano, it means "thousands of new jobs for American workers, millions of dollars of new orders for our factories." It's part of the answer to the question: What do we do to keep this country busy when it runs out of Vietnams? That may seem a long way off, or even too much to hope for. With the pound devalued and the dollar embarrassed, the immediate outlook is for tax and interest rate hikes and government spending cuts. But the more astute capitalists are rightly convinced, nevertheless, that the long-term trend of government spending is up, and they naturally want their share of the gravy. Calvin Coolidge never lived down having said that "the business of government is business," but now it's okay to claim that the business of business is government. Jeremy Bentham remarked in 1793 that business had nothing to say to government but what Diogenes told Alexander the Great, "Stand out of my sunshine." Times have changed. "You are my sunshine"

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is more like it nowadays. Defense and space contracts rake in billions, but should taxpayers tire of Vietnam and Venus there are other bonanzas. It's estimated that federal, state and local government spending on health, education and welfare will be around $85 billion, double what it is now, by 1975. That's less than a decade away; big business lays its plans years ahead.

Califano told the College of the Holy Cross in Worcester, Massachusetts, that it was the race for ballistic missiles that "helped break down the old barriers between the government and the private sector." Having packaged Armageddon in missiles, at a profit, big business is anxious to perform other profitable chores for government and perhaps will not draw the line even at rebuilding the ghetto. The taxpaying citizens who foot the bill may get more in the way of spin-off than the $5-billion Teflon frying pan which is about all they've had so far from the space program.

A massive capital transfusion for housing and urban transport could well produce technological breakthroughs that would go a long way to cracking those problems. And the traditional aversion of corporate wealth to the welfare state might be converted to enthusiastic participation, once it is understood that profits will be guaranteed and risks eliminated. Some doubting voices have been raised, though, even within the White House. Gardner Ackley, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, ventured to warn that these are "slippery concepts – and by that fact, potentially dangerous." Shame on him for being so old-fashioned.

Innocent Abroad

Governor George Romney of Michigan fully expects to be the Republican presidential nominee, an expectation not shared by many, though Romney's supporters still theoretically include Senator Jacob Javits of New York, and Governor Nelson Rockefeller who Walter Lippmann thinks "ought to be next President." Mr. Lippmann said so on Public Broadcast Laboratory on November 19. The same day, Romney appeared on CBS' *Face the Nation*, in the course of which he undercut himself even more than usual. Romney has been unkindly called a man with a heart of gold, a jaw of steel and a head full of mush. He generously provided his large television audience with plenty of firsthand evidence that the catalog of his attributes is accurate as well as cruel. Romney's public ratings tumbled after he had said, earlier this year, that he was "brainwashed" when he visited Saigon in 1965. On CBS, he added a fascinating instalment to the brainwashing saga. The Administration, he said, had not only fooled George Romney, they had managed to brainwash Ho Chi Minh too. Mr. Johnson's "colossal mistake" in 1964, according to Romney, was to lead Ho to believe that the President "wasn't going to send any American boys to Asia. He wasn't going to bomb anything. We were going to stay out." And this, says Romney, is what lured North Vietnam into "intensifying its activities in South Vietnam with a view to knocking it out."

Romney attacked the Vietnam war as a "ping-pong policy that takes us toward the mount of hope only to plunge us back into the crevices of sickening reality," and insisted he had a solution. The three news correspondents interviewing him tried to find out what it was, but were ping-ponged down crevices. Romney never got beyond a cautious generalization about "neutralizing" Southeast Asia. Next day, Romney bravely risked more brainwashing. He was briefed by Dean Rusk and State Department officials before leaving on a three-week trip to Europe, the Middle East and Southeast Asia. After the briefing, Romney told waiting reporters he didn't have a quick answer on Vietnam after all, and added: "This is one of the reasons I am going abroad."

No Martyr to Marijuana

For some time Food and Drug Commissioner James Goddard has criticized the penalties for LSD and marijuana as inconsistent. LSD is the more dangerous of the two, he has said, but there is no federal penalty for LSD possession, only for sale, and that is a maximum of one year in prison. Mere possession of marijuana on the other hand can land you in jail for 10 years under federal law. Goddard has advocated removing penalties for possession.

Dr. Goddard has done his reputation as FDA Commissioner no good by caving in to critics of his honest statements on pot, as he now has. In a taped interview with David Sanford on October 5, Dr. Goddard played down the dangers of marijuana. "It's a mild hallucinogen; it's not as it's been characterized in the past. I'm not impressed with the dangers of it. I think young people are right that this is not as bad as alcohol if you're talking about the short term. Long term we really don't know whether there's a problem or not." But now the emphasis has changed. The new Goddard line is that drink kills and marijuana is "dangerous." This is what he has told Congress; he clearly doesn't want to be another martyr to marijuana.

Goddard's initial indiscretion and his subsequent retreat were responsible for renewed congressional interest in "inconsistent" drug laws. But instead of reducing penalties for marijuana, as Goddard suggested, a majority of the House Commerce Committee wants to increase those for LSD.

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Hershey and the Draft

Andrew Jackson believed in government by turnover. Each new Administration should make a clean sweep, and bring in fresh people. This was the spoils system, which we abandoned before the turn of the century. There was a great deal to be said against it. But there is a good bit to be said for it too, so far as the higher reaches of the civil service are concerned. Of this, J. Edgar Hoover and Lt. Gen. Lewis B. Hershey, the Selective Service director, are living demonstrations, as they carry on, ever immune to effective control.

General Hershey has just done it again. He has recommended to draft boards across the country that they revoke the deferments of people who interfere with recruiting or – vaguely enough – engage in "illegal activity" which "causes refusal of duty in the military or naval services." General Hershey is obviously aiming at the anti-draft and anti-recruiting agitation that is sweeping the campuses of the nation. He wants those who participate in it inducted. And he doesn't much care about close definitions of the kind of activity he has in mind.

The general's idea is profoundly misguided, for at least two reasons, which are as plain as the stars on his shoulders. First, military duty, even if compelled, should never be viewed or used as a punishment. It is an obligation owed to the nation, and that is what Congress intended it to be. We may have an army of conscripts, but we have never fought with an army of convicts. General Hershey intends to punish demonstrators with induction.

Secondly, draft boards are not fit to mete out punishment. Our Constitution prescribes certain processes, including trial by jury, for punishing people, and these are not the processes of draft boards. The courts will in due time read General Hershey a constitutional lesson. But the White House ought not wait for the courts. It is President Johnson's duty to avert the outrage General Hershey wishes to perpetrate.

Creme de la Crime

In the war on crime, the fiercest fighting seems to be between the GOP Task Force on Crime in the House of Representatives and the Department of Justice. The Republican group not long ago charged the attorney general with "hamstringing federal agents" and "an incredible retreat in the war on criminal activity" because of his order forbidding the use of electronic eavesdropping devices; their view appears to be that wiretapping and bugging are a cure for everything. The attorney general retorted modestly that "the Department of Justice is mounting an attack on organized crime which is unequaled in its dimensions and unparalleled in its results."

Eschewing wiretapping or bugging, the Department of Justice has employed as its chief weapon a new technique which the attorney general characterized in a recent speech before the National Emergency Conference on Crime as a "strike force." The "strike force," operating under the central direction of the Justice Department's criminal division, brings together and coordinates the resources of local, state and federal law enforcement agencies. Among the federal agencies involved are the Secret Service, the Internal Revenue Service, the Narcotics Bureau, the alcohol tax unit of the Treasury, the Customs Bureau and the racketeering division of the Labor Department. The one federal agency conspicuous by its absence is the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Why is the FBI absent? One can only guess, since Justice Department sources, the FBI itself included, are strangely reticent. Perhaps the answer lies in a coolness between the director of the Bureau and the attorney general; perhaps the GOP Task Force seems a natural ally to J. Edgar Hoover. Ramsey Clark has not only ordered Hoover to stop all bugging and tapping except in national security cases; he has had the temerity, besides, to quash a number of cases based on information obtained through electronic eavesdropping. And he has even gone so far in lese majesty as to say, publicly, that such snooping has no real utility in attacking crime.

The Seedier Media

There is nothing very underground about the underground press. The newspapers are hawked on street corners, sent to subscribers without incident through the US mails, carefully culled and adored by the mass media. About three dozen of them belong to the Underground Press Syndicate which is something like the AP on a small scale; through this network they spread the word about what is new in disruptive protest, drugs, sex. Their obsessive interest in things that the "straights" are embarrassed or offended by is perhaps what makes them underground. They are a place to find what is unfit to print in *The New York Times*.

The Berkeley Barb, The East Village Other, The Fifth Estate, The LA Free Press are among the more familiar and successful of the papers. They make the aging *Village Voice* – of which they are all derivative – seem very Establishment indeed. The hippie thing brought them to flower; but the death of hippie (the funeral was in early fall and the obit was in *Newsweek*) has apparently not diminished them. They are

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all the things their admirers think they are – exciting, informative, In, irreverent, refreshing, audacious, lively; they haven't sold out like everybody else. But they are also recklessly undisciplined, often badly written, yellow, and, taken in large doses, very very boring.

Nevertheless these papers have been said to provide the most exciting reading in America. At least they try – by saying what can't be said or isn't being said by the staid daily press, by staying on the cutting edge of "In" for an audience with the shortest of attention spans. There is nothing worse for an underground paper or its readers than to be the last to know. It took months for the revelations about the psychedelic pleasures of smoking banana peels, for instance, to travel to the daily papers and news magazines. And by the time a few weeks ago that the daily press reported that scientists had concluded it was all a hoax on the hippies, nobody who reads the *East Village Other* particularly cared. They had gone on to other things. They could sneer and remember they had been at the source, at the beginning of that long trip through the media to obsolescence.

The underground press is a photographic negative of the bourgeois newspapers and magazines; it registers many of the same images but all the colors are reversed. Anyone who sat down a few years ago and asked himself what isn't being reported, what causes are without champions, what words can't be printed, then decided to put out a newspaper that did everything differently, would have invented the underground. What the *LA Times* is for, the *LA Free Press* is likely to be against. Daily papers report arrests, for example, but from the standpoint of the police. That is their mental set; they are in the law-and-order bag. The underground papers are prone to see arrested persons as *victims* of the cops: "On Friday between 8 a.m. and 8:30 a.m. Judy (an antiwar protester) was arrested at the intersection of 13th and Broadway. She was standing with a group of people in the intersection. A cop knocked her down and grabbed her. A group of protesters circled the cop and began arguing that she hadn't done anything. More cops arrived. The cop who had knocked Judy down then let go of her. She began to move down Broadway and was chased by the cop who knocked her down again and dragged her to a patrol car. She was charged with assault on an officer." Here the *Berkeley Barb* in simple, letter-to-a-friend didactic style leaves no doubt about its position on the police. Cops attack innocent girls and charge *them* with assault. No phony balanced coverage. No on-the-one-hand-on-the-other-hand TV documentary stuff. Judy is *Barb's* friend. The negative is black and white – a corrective to all the news about unruly demonstrators and police officers trying to maintain order. Police brutality has become a shibboleth for the underground papers, serviceable and pat. The treatment people get at the hands of police is "rough," "completely unnecessary," "totally unprovoked." "Cops are dumber and less imaginative than we usually suppose."

Since alienation is their thing it is understandable that underground papers sometimes seem to reject bourgeois journalistic values of accuracy and balance. The recent Pentagon demonstration as reported by the *Washington Free Press*, for example, included bayonettings, demonstrators who were knocked unconscious, the Pentagon as an "isolated house of death" rather like a gas oven in Nazi Germany. Such flights into fancy are characteristic of this spontaneous freak-out journalism, the purest lode of which is to be found in the *Oracles*, colorful Los Angeles and San Francisco publications, which are all mind excursion.

The underground press often reads like some kind of Harvard *Lampoon* parody of the tabloid press complete with news stories, editorials, reviews, classified ads, and advice columns. But instead of Heloise there is Hip-pocrates (Dr. Eugene Schoenfeld) – the motorcycling, demonstrating MD, whose syndicated advice appears in several UPS papers. Sometimes he is really helpful since he answers questions you wouldn't dare ask the family doctor. Sample question: "I've never had any sexual experience but my friends tell me it's groovy. . . . Please give me some advice on how to have intercourse." Answer: "My favorite occupational therapist thinks your friends are right. I suggest you read. . . ." In the same column that that dialogue appeared Dr. Schoenfeld passed along tips on how to remove pubic hair, where to go for help if you suspect you're queer and don't like what you suspect, and a helpful anecdote on autoerotism: "There is a story about a little boy who was found masturbating and told that he would go blind unless he stopped. 'Well,' he pleaded, 'can I do it until I need eyeglasses?' " In another column Hip-pocrates was asked "Is there anything specially abnormal with having one breast slightly larger than the other? I find it inhibiting at times, though my lover says he doesn't even notice it. Is there any way to balance the situation?" Answer: "Breasts are rarely exactly alike in size and shape. Your lover probably enjoys the variation; perhaps he even has a favorite."

The underground press is predictable. Some papers are more political, others more psychedelic, others more aberrant, but for the most part they care about Dow, drugs, the draft, abortion, cops, rock, flicks, and sex, perhaps not in that order. They are as current as this week's pot bust and draft-card burning. They oppose the war and their most interesting features are their want ads, especially if you are a sadist looking for a masochist.

DAVID SANFORD

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Hacks in Hollywood

How the "Young" Were Kept in Line

by Paul R. Wieck

Politics, Texas-style, can be swinging. At the Young Democrats convention in Hollywood, Fla., this month it included a seven-room suite where booze flowed freely for four nights, walkie-talkies for all the key aides, printed brochures and signs, campaign buttons. The works. But it also provided a chilling glimpse – call it a prelude of what lurks in the future for those who defy LBJ – of how heavy the hand of the White House can be, even when it comes down over the sun-bathed Florida surf.

If it hadn't been for an incredible confession by a Pennsylvanian, the biennial YD might have been forgotten as a minor test of LBJ strength within the party structure, where it is now popular to taunt "dump Johnson" advocates with the specter of Ronnie Reagan. Instead, it showed just how far the White House is prepared to go, if necessary, to twist even the party's ineffectual youth arm at this critical point.

Actually, it didn't take much in Florida. A nudge here and there plus a couple of good whacks to keep in line the aging hacks who still refuse to lower the age limit of the YD's from 40 to 35. But the White House wasn't taking any chances. Even Democratic National Chairman John Bailey, a political eunuch in Washington whose fortunes are also in decline in his home state of Connecticut, was dispatched to patrol the hotel corridors for four days. He brought most of his staff with him.

The White House had two things in mind – to prevent a repudiation by the YD's of the Administration's policies in Vietnam and to help elect R. Spencer Oliver, 30-year-old former Bailey aide with a Texas labor background, as national chairman. Oliver, who has played YD politics for 10 years, was an ideal candidate. He quit his job with Bailey to run (against the advice of many of his friends in Johnson circles) and then proceeded to raise a campaign kitty of $10,000 to $15,000 from labor supporters and Lyndon Johnson loyalists.

He was ideal because he'd done his spadework well for 10 years, making friends among the new breed of Southern "liberals" who have displaced the old, segregationist "pros" at YD conventions, and wooing the Western states. Oliver had run once before, only to be frustrated by the machine types from a handful of Northern states. This time, he did his deals early, making it easier for the White House to avoid the embarrassment of having one of its own defeated at a YD convention, just as the "dump Johnson" crowd is beginning to make loud noises on the college campuses. As a result, Oliver went to Florida with enough votes pledged or "leaning" to him to win, if he could keep them in line. Because he was regarded as the White House candidate, it was in the interest of LBJ's aides to do just that. And they did.

Pennsylvania and Illinois were the key states. Dick Daley of Chicago and Joe Barr of Pittsburgh had both dispatched their YD hacks, but both states also had front men for them – favorite son candidates cut in the Jaycee mold. Wooed vigorously by "dump Johnson" forces anxious to forge any kind of winning coalition to embarrass the White House, the Jaycee types, seduced as Jaycees are wont to be by all this attention, took themselves seriously.

At the proper time, the pros pulled the rug out from under them. Daley's Jaycee, though stunned, complied. But the Pennsylvanian didn't, and became a cause célèbre of the "dump Johnson" forces, when the White House applied a little extra pressure to get its way and the Pennsylvanian – Pete Vasella of Ellwood City – spilled his woes to three newsmen in three separate conversations. I happened along as he was telling three supporters, two of them from California's "dump Johnson" delegation, why he'd had to pull out. It was an incredible confession, even for a front man. Vasella told us (he'd told approximately the same story to Mike Wallace of CBS and Dick Duncan of *Time*, earlier) that Mayor Barr had called to insist that he withdraw or "not bother to come home," and added that Barr had been pressured in at least two calls from Washington, one from Marvin Watson, White House appointments secretary. Vasella quoted Barr as saying "three federal judgeships" were at stake. Later, realizing the mistake he'd made, Vasella denied relating the specifics and admitted only "pressures."

Word of this spread rapidly through the convention and threw it into turmoil, threatening the Oliver candidacy through the long hours of Saturday morning when the delegates were debating the Vietnam issue. In the end, the bulk of the delegates jadedly decided it was just politics, and rather than join the "dump Johnson" crowd stayed with Oliver.

Such interference is disquieting; but another tactic, designed to stifle free debate on the Vietnam issue, was frightening. It started in the Rules Committee,

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where the pro-Johnson forces came up with a trio of restrictions. One upped the number of states needed to bring a minority report to the floor from one-fourth (which anti-Vietnam forces had) to one-third (which they might not have been able to get); the second required a majority of states to ask for a roll call; the last banned resolutions from the floor. The delegates wouldn't buy the first, clearing the way for the minority report on Vietnam, and were about to dump the last when pro-Johnson forces moved quickly from delegation to delegation, until enough states had switched in quick succession to defeat the dump move 497-475. Thus, the convention came up with a set of Texas-style rules that could be used to stifle debate.

A resolution condemning Gen. Lewis Hershey as "one of the most arbitrary and capricious old autocrats still left in government" was reported out of the Resolutions Committee. A motion to table it carried on a standing count by a few votes. It had strong support from larger states like California and New York plus others that were basically pro-Johnson. As is typical in YD conventions, the larger states have many more votes to cast on a roll call than live bodies to count on a division (only one delegate need attend to cast the entire vote for his state). A roll call would probably have reversed the count. The smaller Western and Southern states prevented a roll call.

Early in the convention, it became apparent that anti-Vietnam feeling was strong. Following the line of consensus politics, the pro-Johnson group brought forth a resolution that proclaimed in the final paragraph that the YD's "lend their full support to the President in the conduct of US policy in Southeast Asia," but that suggested, before that final paragraph, as a "possible basis for negotiations," a long list of things, including some that President Johnson had rejected as "naïve and idealistic" in a televised press conference only hours before. The list included a bombing pause, gradual deescalation, recognition of and negotiation with the National Liberation Front, a multilateral cease-fire, a reconvening of the Geneva convention. After it passed, the anti-Vietnam forces claimed a victory.

The Texas delegation is typical of the dilemma many faced. It was so badly split on Vietnam that the delegation abstained from voting on both the majority and minority resolution and, by arrangement with the committee, offered its own, one worked out with such agony of compromise back home that the delegation was afraid to depart from a single comma lest it set off a new round of Texas infighting.

The real tragedy of Florida is the breakup of the liberal coalition and the consequent triumph of the hacks. Over the years, the YD's have reflected the political power structure of their states – machine-oriented in much of the Northeast and some of the larger Midwestern states; once segregationist but now controlled by moderately liberal to liberal elements in much of the South; militantly liberal in the Great Plains and the Far West. Before Vietnam, the liberals could put together a winning coalition. Not so at Florida. They were in a minority – almost an isolated minority – from the start. The old coalition of labor, minority groups and intellectuals within the party is breaking up under the impact of the trauma of Vietnam. This, in turn, is reflected in the YD's. It has allowed the "pros" and their "hacks" to take over at the very level of the party at which young, vigorous Democrats should be holding sway. Oliver's slate reflects this. It is probably the saddest accumulation of parochial politicians assembled at the speakers table at a closing banquet of the YD's since a "liberal" caucus turned out the old Northern machine-Southern segregationist coalition in 1952. It is the very thing Oliver has claimed to oppose when he talks of bringing young people into the party.

In the end, the "dump Johnson" forces, with perhaps 300 out of some 1,000 delegates in their camp, backed Tom Sullivan, a Massachusetts politico who dreads the day when he may have to give the college crowd an equal voice in his organization (the move to dissolve the College Young Democrats failed, partly because Oliver was too busy to take care of it). The "dump Johnson" group was heavily sprinkled with clean-shaven kids in button-down collars, striped ties, Ivy League-cut suits, who ripped the Johnson button from their credentials and replaced it with "McCarthy in '68" or, in the case of some New Yorkers, "RFK in '68" buttons.

Compared to Oliver's well-organized and well-financed operation, the "dump Johnson" forces were ineffective. Time and again, they had to change their strategy, just to react to the careful strategy of Oliver. But LBJ's friends paid a price that would be unacceptable at a higher level in the party apparatus. This is perhaps the most obvious point to be made as one moves up through the party machinery. At the College Young Democrats meeting in Boston, LBJ's friends couldn't expect to defeat an anti-Vietnam resolution. Instead, they had to settle for a CYD president who was willing to come back into the official ranks, even though anti-Vietnam. A week later in Florida, they had to have some expression of approval for the Administration's Vietnam policies. They managed it, but just barely. By next summer in Chicago, there will be no margin for dissent left. It will have to be LBJ all the way, Texas-style, unless the "dump Johnson" forces can put together a powerful organization, manned by political realists, before then.

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Rent Strike

Disrupting the Slum System

by Frances Fox Piven and Richard A. Cloward

For a few feverish months during the winter of 1963-64, rent strikes broke out in New York's ghettos. Activists of various persuasions moved in to canvass the tenements, blending the language of the building codes with the language of direct action. In a short time, some 500 buildings were on strike. Then almost as quickly as it had erupted, the movement subsided. By late spring, there were few traces to be seen.

The rent strike of 1963-64 was not the first. In the 1890's, after a half-century of turbulence among the urban poor, rent strikes were common in New York. They occurred again after World War I and during the early years of the depression. Accused of bolshevism and threatened with reprisals, tenants nonetheless compelled government to limit rent increases and curtail evictions. These earlier strikes usually began spontaneously, ofter leading to massive street violence. Radicals tried to capitalize upon these uprisings to build permanent "people's organizations," hoping by education and exhortation to turn the seemingly incoherent energy of the mob into consistent pressure for continuing reform through the electoral process. And this is ironic, for the reforms produced by rent strikes resulted from the disruptions themselves, not from the influence of tenant organizations which, if they emerged at all, were small and unstable. In retrospect, the rent strike of 1963-64 was probably the least disruptive in history; it was also the least successful in producing any important reforms. Its failure suggests some lessons for the future.

By the early 1960's, New York City had been plagued with a housing shortage for at least two decades. Then, as now, the shortage took its severest toll from blacks and Puerto Ricans, who occupied the 550,000 units classified by the census as "deteriorated, dilapidated, or lacking essential facilities" and the 100,000 other units classified as "overcrowded." The hardships created by inadequate and insufficient housing were intensified by the destruction and dislocation caused by urban renewal and public works programs, which had set the city's low-income neighborhoods on edge. And by the late summer of 1963, after the March on Washington, activists were beginning to turn to the ghettos of New York and other Northern cities to stimulate blacks to act on political and economic issues.

In this climate of discontent and protest, a maverick radical named Jesse Gray announced a Harlem rent strike. On November 1 Gray took out 16 buildings. A month later, the number had risen to 50. Volunteers from the Northern Student Movement then joined forces with Gray, and another 50 Harlem buildings went on strike. A CORE chapter on the Lower East Side took six buildings out on strike in the fall, and later its efforts were augmented when Mobilization for Youth, an antipoverty project sponsored by the federal and city governments, helped a variety of community groups to form "The Lower East Side Rent Strike," bringing about 50 more buildings into the movement. Meanwhile, an especially effective CORE group in Brooklyn organized 200 buildings. In East Harlem, 50 buildings struck, some organized by the East Harlem Tenants Council and others by two local CORE chapters. A union of low-paid blacks and Puerto Ricans, Local 1199 of the Drug and Hospital Workers, helped put 30 more buildings on strike by working with tenants who were union members. With Gray at its head, a massive protest seemed about to burst forth from the black slum. The civil rights movement had indeed come North.

But day-to-day organizing had little drama. After the first flush of enthusiasm, young and inexperienced organizers began to accept the guidance of the Metropolitan Council on Housing, an organization of older radicals which had formed during the earlier struggles against urban renewal and whose leaders urged cautious tactics consistent with the complex statutes governing rent withholding. The law prescribed an elaborate bureaucratic course, and the courts interpreted the law rigidly. Judges admitted only the inspection records of the Department of Buildings as evidence of hazardous violations. To obtain those records, organizers had to fill out forms and arrange and follow up appointments for inspections; check agency files to

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make sure that hazardous violations had been posted; and meanwhile see that rents withheld by tenants were being collected and deposited in a private escrow account. (If the tenants lost in court, these funds were turned over to the landlord; if they won, the money was turned over to the clerk of the court, to be given to the landlord after repairs were made.) Finally, organizers had to shepherd tenants through the courts. And all of this turned out to require enormous effort and expertise.

At the outset, rent-strike cadres were not dismayed by these elaborate procedures. Indeed, they defined them as a means of educating tenants and building tenant associations. Canvassing door-to-door to discover housing violations was a way of making contact with tenants; filing "multiple form" complaints was a way of stimulating building meetings; assigning tenants the responsibility for collecting rents and managing escrow accounts was a way of strengthening building committees and developing leadership. And through these tenant groups, organizers believed the poor could be educated to the larger political issues underlying slum housing. Such "radicalizing" of tenants was presumably to produce mass associations capable of exerting regular influence on government; each arduous bureaucratic task would contribute to the creation of a permanent "people's organization." That public agencies were thereby dictating the tactics of the movement struck no one as anomalous.

The emphasis on bureaucratic rules and procedures was also dictated by fear that tenants would be evicted if other tactics were followed. A few evictions did occur, and they sometimes evoked frenzied but haphazard resistance. Early in February, Gray and 10 of his aides were arrested for attempting to prevent an eviction by "strong-arming" city marshals. Sometimes, when marshals appeared, organizers sat on the furniture while one of their number hurried to file a stay of eviction with the court. When furniture was already piled on the street, organizers occasionally moved it back to gain time to get the tenant into court. But while such "holding" tactics usually worked, they were not employed regularly, for the organizers concentrated on using legal safeguards. When CORE organizers failed to resist the eviction of a family on the Lower East Side, other striking tenants, fearing that they also would be turned out, hysterically demanded the rent money from their escrow accounts. That event broke the strike in the CORE stronghold on Eldridge Street. Such experiences seemed to affirm the importance of adhering all the more to elaborate bureaucratic procedures. Organizers became clerks, and political action was reduced to bookkeeping.

The test of these tactics was to come in the courts. The first two cases were heard during a barrage of publicity and were won by the tenants. But public interest quickly faded, and in subsequent decisions judges reaffirmed traditional property rights. When, sometimes mysteriously and sometimes because of slip-ups, records subpoenaed from the Department of Buildings failed to show hazardous violations, judges rejected the testimony of tenants or photographs of building conditions and ordered the rents to be paid, often berating the organizers for troublemaking. Landlords frequently asked for adjournments, since they knew that many tenants would prefer to pay the rent rather than spend another day in court. Such failures led organizers to adhere even more rigidly to procedures, to focus more and more energy on fewer and fewer buildings.

But the bureaucratic rites by which repairs were to be exacted, and tenants educated, exhausted organizers and bewildered tenants. To cope with agency procedures required precisely those resources of money, expertise, and forbearance which are scarcest among the poor. Meanwhile, landlords exploited bureaucratic intricacies and corruptibility to evade or overcome the challenge. Even occasional tenant victories in the courts yielded only minor and temporary repairs. Unable to produce repairs quickly and to multiply them widely, tenant affiliation did not expand, and the strike developed little political force. Thus the movement began to subside a few months after it formed.

At first blush, rent strike appears to be a simple and powerful strategy to bring about housing reform. It can be just that, but only if it acquires the momentum to compel government action. In the strike of 1963-64, the landlord was the target, and that was the first mistake. Slum landlords generally do not have the resources to rehabilitate their buildings – not, at least, unless rents are substantially increased. The slum is the underbelly of the real-estate market: tenants who cannot compete for housing elsewhere are preyed on by entrepreneurs who lack the capital or competence to compete for profit elsewhere. More prosperous and stable real-estate investors put their capital in the regular market, where money can be made in less demeaning ways, leaving the slum to be exploited by men who seek to gain on dubious speculative exchanges or who, restrained by rent-control laws from levying large increases, shore up their declining profits by skimping on repairs and services. The result is inflated prices and deteriorated buildings – a situation that can be remedied only by public action.

Public programs exist on the books, but are unused. In New York City, for example, low-cost municipal loans can be made to landlords to reduce the burden of undertaking rehabilitation; by 1963, however, only one such loan had been made, because the city was reluctant to become implicated in the shadowy finances

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of slum housing. The receivership program empowers the city to take over and repair hazardous buildings; after a year of operation, only 16 buildings had been acquired and, at that, the Commissioner of Real Estate reported indignantly that the city was finding the venture unprofitable! Thus, despite a wide variety of programs and powers available to municipalities, the bulk of slum housing remains and worsens – the rent strikers of 1963-64 lived in some of the same tenements which inspired the protests of such 19th-century reformers as Jacob Reis and Lillian Wald.

Political leaders and public agencies never became the target of the 1963-64 strike. On the surface, municipal agencies were conciliatory. The Department of Buildings put an inspector at Gray's disposal, and similar concessions were made to leaders elsewhere. Meanwhile, the mayor and his aides spoke out publicly against the slums, bewailing housing conditions and invoking the villain landlord of ancient myth. They called for more housing inspectors as well as legislation authorizing higher fines and jail sentences. These responses were predictable, if not perennial: the law already permitted considerably higher fines than were being levied by the courts, and housing agencies, we have noted, already had substantial powers and programs they were not employing. In the end, government escaped unscathed, having made only a few meaningless concessions.

How can government be forced to act? One thing is certain: the tactics used in 1963-64 won't do. Organizers reasoned that with the promise of repairs as the initial inducement to participate, stable organizations of the poor would eventually be formed, and that these would influence government. But the continuing emphasis on building permanent associations rests on a mistaken premise: that public decisions are made only in response to organized voting numbers. This view overlooks the impact of crisis as a way of compelling public action. When crisis occurs, many groups are aroused; they view disorder as a failure of governmental responsibility and demand measures (whether concessions or repression) to restore order. Crisis thus has a potential political force far greater than the number of citizens, organized or not, who participate in the disruptive action itself. The legalistic tactics of 1963-64 did not generate a public crisis, but other, more disruptive rent strike tactics would.

The key to a disruptive rent strike is for tenants to pocket the rent, not place it in escrow. Widespread action of this kind would throw the slum housing economy into chaos, for many landlords would have to abandon their property, leaving thousands of tenants in buildings without services or even minimal maintenance. As health hazards multiplied and the breakdown of landlord-tenant relations threatened to spread, the clamor would mount for governmental action to solve the crisis.

Pocketing the rent money would mean an immediate gain for tenants – a far more compelling incentive to participate than the vague hope of getting minor repairs. The main job of organizers would be to expand the strike by exciting indignation and urging tenants to spend their rent money for other needs. Such activity is much more compatible with the skills and temperament of organizers than canvassing for violations, filing forms, searching records, maintaining escrow accounts, and sitting endlessly in courtrooms. Relieved of these wearisome chores, they should be able to reach far more people than in 1963-64.

What of the dangers? It will be argued that the city can retaliate – at the very least, evictions might result. To minimize this risk, organizers need to mobilize at least a few hundred buildings to launch the strike, adding more buildings during the two- or three-month period it takes landlords to process evictions. It is unlikely that thousands, or even hundreds, of families would be put out on the streets, especially on the streets of ghettos whose growing and turbulent populations politicians can no longer afford to antagonize flagrantly. Furthermore, mass evictions would be viewed by many in the wider public as an even greater disorder than the breakdown of slum property relations.

It is important to understand that political leaders can prevent evictions, for the decision to evict is as much political as judicial. City governments, for example, have the legal right to initiate court proceedings against landlords who fail to correct violations. New York City has, in addition, the power to undercut legal actions taken against tenants by such landlords, simply by reducing rents to a dollar a month in buildings with multiple violations. Nor would housing courts in most cities, typically run by politically appointed judges, be so lenient with landlords when pressed by political leaders. Finally, to obtain time to wash out dispossess actions, mayors in most cities can simply order city marshals to delay all evictions, as a New York mayor did during the violent rent strike of 1933. The legalistic tactics employed by the tenants in 1963-64 enabled political leaders to leave the strikers at the mercy of the agencies and the courts. But faced with tactics which ignore bureaucratic procedures and court proceedings, public officials would have to use their powers to forestall mass evictions or risk a major threat to political stability. Except in the face of a crisis, however, chief executives will not use these powers. Even if they did act, organizers would have to develop cadres to resist isolated evictions, defending the lone tenant by pitting the ghetto against the city's marshals and thus raising the specter of large-scale violence. Street action is far easier to mobilize than

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stable organizations of tenants. In 1963-64, however, organizers did not encourage street action, having pinned hope on the bureaucracies and courts.

By now it should be abundantly clear that the strategy we advocate is in no way limited to those few cities with statutes authorizing rent withholding. These laws are irrelevant, if not diversionary. Our analysis shows the futility of efforts to help masses of tenants make individual use of cumbersome procedures of legal redress. Disruptive tactics have a different purpose: to shift the burden of action against slum landlords from tenants to city governments.

There are measurable gains to be made by a disruptive rent strike. At the very least, this tactic should impel cities to use such programs as exist, whether offering low-cost loans to landlords who are willing to make repairs or making extensive emergency repairs and billing landlords for the cost. Most important, under the cumulative impact of disruptive actions, thousands of buildings would be abandoned – left to government to take over. It is crucial to understand why this result would follow.

Slum housing is rampantly illegal, yet public agencies have never made much effort to enforce housing codes in New York. Even in those few cases where landlords were taken to court, the fines levied per violation averaged only $22 in 1963. By 1966 they had fallen to $14. Code-enforcement machinery is not allowed to work for good reason: a crackdown would produce massive dislocation of landlords and tenants. Repairs are extremely expensive, and building income is limited by the poverty of the captive tenant market as well as by rent-control laws. Just a modest step-up in enforcement activity under a new administration in New York City recently resulted in an upsurge in the number of foreclosures, tax delinquencies and vacate orders. If slumlords were pushed out, government would have to house the minority poor. So the enforcement agencies use their powers gingerly and selectively, usually paying heed only when tenants have the tenacity or the "pull" to compel enforcement.

In other words, slum profits have depended on collusion between city agencies and landlords: in return for nonenforcement of the codes, the slumlord takes the blame for the slum and enables the city to evade the political ire of the ghetto. But once municipal agencies are compelled to act on the codes, many owners of deteriorated buildings will be forced out of business, unable or unwilling to make the required repairs. Considering the highly marginal character of the slum market, the rent-strike tactics we propose could precipitate change no less fundamental than large-scale public takeover of land and buildings.

What would a city government do with slum buildings? Very likely, it would divest itself as quickly as possible of responsibility for them. To maintain the slums could only be expensive and politically onerous. City officials would run the risk of angering tenants dissatisfied with repairs and services, as well as taxpayers disgruntled by new investments in housing for the black and poor. Under such circumstances, municipalities might well move to sell or lease slum lands and buildings to private redevelopers. New governmental schemes are now in the making to stimulate investments in ghettos by national corporations, with federal subsidies to guarantee profits (*e.g.*, tax benefits, low-cost loans and insurance, and rent supplements). These schemes, if implemented, would provide a way out for municipalities thrust by disruptive rent strikes into the role of slum landlords.

Federally subsidized corporate redevelopment will result in better housing and facilities; it will also bring the ghetto under the hegemony of an alliance of national corporations and federal bureaucracies. Now that blacks are coming into power in many large cities, the ghettos would be much better off with the municipality acting as redeveloper and landlord. Nevertheless, corporate ownership appears to be the wave of the future, and the leverage of the vote will have limited effect on corporate policies regarding location and design, tenant selection or rents.

To deal with corporations on these policies, tenants will need to develop modes of influence beyond the vote. In this connection, corporate ownership might provide a favorable context for organizing mass-based tenant unions. As we noted earlier, most tenants now live in buildings owned by small entrepreneurs who themselves have limited financial resources and so cannot yield to tenant demands; with nothing much to gain, tenants cannot easily be organized. Furthermore, ownership is so fragmented that efficient negotiating is virtually impossible. Under a system of national corporate ownership, however, tenants would confront large-scale landlords with ample resources to be conceded at the bargaining table. Tenant organization would then be comparable to the organization of workers in the factory system or in that sector of agriculture controlled by large corporations. Thus rent strikes could be mobilized to demand partial control of management policies and lower rents (so it would fall to large corporations, not the poor, to fight with Congress for higher rent subsidies). Most important, strikers might hold out for concessions which would nurture stable tenant unions – especially collective-bargaining contracts and a dues check-off from rent payments. In Chicago, a few tenant groups have used rent strikes as leverage against several large landlords, forcing through contracts which include check-offs. But whether the object is to compel housing improvements in a system of fragmented slum ownership or to create tenant unions in a system of large-scale own-

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ership, disruptive tactics are the key.

There are only certain periods when a disruptive force can be mobilized, for the poor are ordinarily passive, obeisant to the rules prescribed by dominant institutions. But from time to time normative control weakens and unrest mounts, as in 1963-64. Now such a time is upon us again; there is greater turbulence in the ghetto than ever before. Young and aggressive leaders are emerging who are unencumbered by ties to white institutions. Whatever else might be said about the rhetoric of black power, it serves to undermine the legitimacy of established arrangements, freeing people for militant action.

This is also a time when disruption might have unique force in moving government. The black masses are swelling in many cities, and more than a few white municipal leaders remain in office merely because blacks are not yet sufficiently mobilized, or antagonized, to unseat them. Under the impact of disruptive tactics, white politicians wishing to retain control of municipal government would have to make concessions. In New York, for example, Mayor Lindsay, a Republican, was assured of election in 1965 because blacks, ordinarily Democratic, gave him an unprecedented 42 percent of their vote. Were he to permit mass evictions, his subsequent defeat would seem a foregone conclusion. Elsewhere, the potential for black reprisals against white politicians is far greater; blacks compose a mere 15 percent of New York's population, but they are approaching (or have already reached) a majority in many cities.

Of course, a disruptive strategy is always uncertain because it is not guided by legal and political conventions. But if in violating these conventions the poor are exposed to risk, they are worse off on what may seem less treacherous ground. For in playing by institutional rules, they take on the full complement of inhibiting requirements imposed by powerful groups who make the rules. Unable to meet these requirements, they can only lose.

Vietnam and Korea: An Exchange of Views

by C.T. McGuire & Charlton Ogburn Jr

Mr. McGuire writes:

Charlton Ogburn's rejoinder to Mr. Katzenbach ("Mr. Katzenbach's Puzzle," November 4) is itself puzzling. The arguments it sets forth in attempting to demonstrate the differences in our Korean and Vietnam policies make one wonder if Mr. Ogburn was not too long in the employ of the Department of State.

"We intervened in Korea because an independent if truncated Korea representing an indigenous political expression (the Republic of Korea) was threatened with destruction by foreign (Soviet) aggression operating through a puppet (the Pyongyang regime). Our purpose was to defeat a foreign intervention aimed at depriving the Koreans of the right of self-determination and of national independence."

First, was Korea actually "independent," though "truncated"? What does this mean? Were there two Koreas, both independent? Or was there but one Korea, the Republic of Korea established by the US military government in Korea in February 1946? If so, how did there come to be a government at Pyongyang?

There is indeed a parallel to be found in US policies in Vietnam and Korea, not exact, perhaps, but sufficiently clear as to make Mr. Ogburn's case far less convincing. The US army under General John R. Hodge landed in Korea on September 8, 1945 and promptly ignored the People's Republic government which had been established only two days earlier. On October 10, 1945 the US military government in Korea proclaimed itself to be the only government in South Korea. This action may be likened to the actions of the French in Vietnam from 1946 to 1948 in undermining the Republic of Vietnam, with Syngman Rhee playing a role similar to that of Bao Dai under the French.

The Rhee government was nothing if not a "puppet regime." It was headed by a man who had spent 37 of his 70 years in the United States and the ruling elite was initially based on right-wing support from landlords and other conservative elements, while Korean liberals refused participation in the US sponsored "Representative Democratic Council."

Can such a government be accurately described as "an indigenous political expression"? Was it any more indigenous than the government of Kim Il-Sung in the North? The latter's credentials as a Korean nationalist leader, albeit a communist one as well, were

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most certainly better than those of Rhee, whose wartime activities against Japanese occupation were no more impressive than those of Diem against the French.

Second, was the Republic of Korea "threatened with destruction by foreign (Soviet) aggression operating through a puppet . . ."? Or is this an earlier version of Mr. Rusk's present version of "aggression from the North"? Is it an established fact that the invasion of South Korea from the North was directed by Moscow? Where is the evidence? This is much too facile an explanation for the causes of the Korean war and strongly resembles the contemporary role assigned to Peking in the Vietnam war.

Mr. Ogburn himself seems only half convinced of his own argument, for he later attacks the common view of communism as a "monolithic, centralized, supranational force, which began to look very doubtful when the Yugoslavian communists stood up to the USSR. . . ." The Yugoslav defection, be it noted, occurred two years prior to the Korean war.

Mr. Ogburn's case for "foreign intervention aimed at depriving the Koreans of the right of self-determination and of national independence" is similarly fraught with Ruskian perils. Are we to believe that the North Korean armies were foreigners? Was this just another "aggression from the North"? And the right of self-determination, did this belong only to the Republic of Korea established by the US in the South? Or could a case be made for Korean nationalism and the invasion from the North seen as an attempt to unite a nation "which foreign powers had divided"?

There are indeed too many parallels between US policy in Vietnam and US policy in Korea for Mr. Ogburn to carry the day successfully. Much of the criticism he levels at our present Vietnam policy could be used to attack our Korean policy, *e.g.*, "If at any time since the Japanese surrender all foreign intervention had been excluded from Vietnam (Korea), those against whom we are now (were then) waging war would quickly have come to power."

Or, "Surely no one could be so naïve as to believe that we should have intervened in Vietnam (Korea) had the Hanoi (Pyongyang) government and the NLF done exactly what they have done but had not been communist."

And again, "We should in that case have taken the view that they were doing what anyone of national self-respect would be doing in their place – trying *by the only means available* (italics mine) to reunite their country, which foreign powers had divided, and get rid of the Saigon (Seoul) regime, which foreign powers had installed."

Or, "We sent an army to Vietnam (Korea) to force a settlement of a civil war on our terms."

Certain passages in Mr. Ogburn's article suggest that he is so strongly committed to the role played by the US in the Korean war that his opposition to the current war in Vietnam compels him to establish differences where none exist. Or to employ arguments which are unsupportable either logically or historically, *e.g.*, "The separation of southern Vietnam from northern at Geneva was as morally wrong as the separation of northern Korea from southern and of eastern Germany from western, *which the USSR forced upon the world.*" (Italics mine.)

Now, if the separation of Vietnam at Geneva was "morally wrong," if that is indeed the case, it was also morally wrong that Korea was divided. But to assert, as Mr. Ogburn does, that this was an action "forced upon the world" by the Soviet Union is either a revelation of the extent of the author's chauvinism or his inadequacy as an historian.

Korean separation was no more permanent than the division of Vietnam at Geneva. The Korean occupation was agreed upon at the Cairo, Yalta and Potsdam conferences by the USSR and the United States and it was the United States which proposed the 38th parallel as the demarcation line. But at the Moscow Conference in December 1945 the decision was made by the foreign ministers, without consultation with the Koreans, that Korea should be held as a joint trusteeship for five years by the two occupying powers.

Thus when Mr. Ogburn speaks of "an indigenous political expression" in reference to the Republic of Korea, he is speaking no more candidly than the present Secretary of State when the latter refers to the "independence" of South Vietnam.

The upper reaches of the US State Department would seem to have strange effects upon the reasoning powers of its inhabitants. Mr. Ogburn, for example, says that "the Secretary justifies our intervention in Vietnam as a move in the containment of Communist China." But Mr. Ogburn employs the same device in justifying US support of the Rhee government on the grounds that our "indigenous political expression" in South Korea was "threatened with destruction by foreign (Soviet) aggression."

Mr. Ogburn also condemns US policy in Vietnam because we are intervening "unilaterally in another country with military force to make our will prevail there." It would be interesting to know how Mr. Ogburn justifies the American military thrust across the 38th parallel to the Yalu River in late 1950 if it was not "to make our will prevail there."

It seems to me that what is really at issue, and what Mr. Ogburn and all too many liberals in the United States today choose to ignore, is that US policy in the postwar years was clearly set forth in the Truman Doctrine of 1947 and that we have held consistently to it for 20 years, *viz.*, "I believe that it must be the policy of the United States to support free peoples who are resisting attempted subjugation by armed minor-

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ities or by outside pressures." This is a policy of global intervention on behalf of the status quo; both Korea and Vietnam are true to Mr. Truman's policy.

Mr. Ogburn replies:

To begin at the beginning, the United States proposed the 38th parallel as a line that would separate the military operations of the Soviet Union and its own. That the division was agreed on was fortunate. Had it not been, the Soviet Union would most probably have pocketed the whole peninsula. As it was the Red Army reached the line before the United States was able even to land any troops in the country. That the Korean nation became divided along the parallel was not the fault of the United States, which exerted itself to the utmost to have Korea administered as a unit – only to have an iron curtain rung down between the two sectors. An American proposal merely to integrate the key public utilities was rejected with the rejoinder that such unification would impinge upon the Soviet Union's absolute authority in the northern zone.

It is true that, pledging itself to Korean independence, the United States in 1945 proposed a five-year, multinational trusteeship for Korea – surely not an unreasonable provision for a people who had had absolutely no experience in national self-rule for a generation and none at all in representative government. When, however, at the outset of the occupation, Korean nationalists jibed at the proposal, the United States urged that, regardless, they be drawn into consultation on the setting up of a provisional Korean government. It was the Soviet Union that blocked the way. It insisted that consultations should be only with those Korean groups who had voiced no opposition to the trusteeship – which meant only communists.

During the war with Japan the United States had declined to recognize the Korean provisional government, heir to the government-in-exile set up in Shanghai by Syngman Rhee in 1919, in order not "to compromise the right of the Korean people to choose the ultimate form and personnel of the government which they wish to establish." Similarly, when the war ended it ignored the Korean People's Republic. Should it have acceded to the claims of an unknown political quantity, all of two days old, to be the governmental authority in that country? The situation of the French in Indochina was not in the least comparable. They were returning to reinstate a singularly odious colonial rule and the Republic of Vietnam, which they had recognized, had established itself on the basis of nationwide elections and been providing effective government for over half a year.

It is true – again – that the United States military government in Korea did favor Koreans of conservative outlook, partly because these included most of those who spoke English. It was criticized at the time for doing so, doubtless with warrant. Given the factionalism that was rife among the Koreans, however, whatever it did would probably have been in some degree a mistake. The point is – and this is what counts – the United States had from the beginning of the occupation one overriding objective, which was to set Korea on its feet as an independent nation (or that part of it for which it was responsible, if it could do no better) under an effective, representative government and get the military forces of the occupying powers out of the country as soon as possible. To this end, in September 1947, it turned the matter of Korean independence over to the United Nations General Assembly. The result was the dispatch of a United Nations commission to Korea and the election of a National Assembly in South Korea in the spring of 1948 with the commission observing both registration and voting, in which 90 percent of the electorate took part. The election was not nationwide because the commission was denied access to North Korea. The election gave Syngman Rhee's party more seats than any other.

Any American official who ever had to deal with Rhee would surely be amazed to learn that the old gentleman was an American puppet. That presumably would include General Hodge, the American commander in Korea, who (I am told) was so averse to the idea of Rhee's coming out on top that Rhee went to Washington to try to have him recalled. The assumption that Rhee's patriotism must have suffered dilution during his years in the United States (mostly in Hawaii) is puzzling. Many of the outstanding, militant Koreans had been émigrés. Why Rhee's war service should be thrown up to him is also puzzling. He was head of the Korean commission in the United States. What exploits, exactly, should have been expected of a man already 65 in 1940? The first prime minister under Rhee had fought the Japanese as a general in the Korean army in China.

If there is no communist monolith today, if, indeed, there never really was one, it remains a fact that the satellite regimes set up by the Soviet Union in the seven countries occupied by the Red Army toed the line with unvarying consistency for some years. The North Korean regime was put together under absolute Soviet control. North Korea was a thoroughly Sovietized state: "The northern regime," the United Nations commission declared, "is the creature of a military occupant."

(In Indochina, the occupying powers pending the return of the French, were Great Britain in the south, Nationalist China in the north. The government of the Republic of Vietnam under Ho Chi Minh came to power by exclusively indigenous political processes. Apart from such Japanese arms as it obtained and the small amount of aid it received from the Chinese Na-

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tionalists, it owed nothing to outsiders. The Chinese Communists were over a thousand miles away and the Soviet Union, to avoid embarrassing the French Communist Party, did not even give it political support. The returning French, by contrast, bristled with American arms. If Vietnamese nationalism became what it has under Ho and Giap it is because it saw little of the West but truncheons, perfidy and bullets.)

Given the relations that existed between the Soviet Union and the Pyongyang regime it can hardly be doubted that the former was fully behind the North Korean invasion of South Korea of June 25, 1950 – the "carefully planned" invasion, as the United Nations commission pointed out. Whether Stalin approved the invasion or demanded it seems to me, in the circumstances, a distinction with little difference. In any case, the success of the invasion would have visited upon Korea as a whole the status of North Korea. Anyone who believes that national independence and the right of self-determination went with that status cannot be one who remembers what happened in 1956 when the Hungarians acted in the hope that they might prove to do so.

Was Pyongyang simply trying *by the only means available* (italics Professor McGuire's) to reunite Korea? Hardly. It had all along the option of reuniting the country by agreeing to elections observed by the United Nations to fill the seats set aside for North Korea in the National Assembly in Seoul. Granted these were in a minority, but so was the population of the North. At Geneva in 1954 North Korea rejected a proposal for all-Korean elections under United Nations supervision.

Is it true that if at any time since the Japanese surrender all foreign intervention had been excluded from Korea, those against whom we waged war would quickly have come to power in a unified nation? In fact, had the elements placed in authority in North Korea by the Soviet Union been denied the enormous advantages with which their sponsors endowed them, there is no reason whatever that I know of for believing that they would have come out on top in a purely Korean free-for-all. Quite the contrary.

Was the communist factor the determining one in our decision to go to the aid of the victim of the North Korean attack? I do not believe it. Other nations had seemed in danger of falling to communist attack from within (and two had done so) without (so far as I know) serious consideration being given to United States military intervention – China, the Philippines, Burma, Greece and Yugoslavia. I doubt very much that we should have sent an army to Korea if circumstances had been such as they were later in Vietnam, where under indigenous, communist-led attack, a government artificially created under a Western military aegis was crumbling for lack of popular support – and let us remember that before the massive intervention of our military forces it was overwhelmingly the *South* Vietnamese who were threatening the undoing of the Saigon regime. We sent military forces to Korea because we and most of the rest of the world were convinced that the Republic of Korea was the victim of an act of international brigandage, of aggression by surrogate, the success of which would have made the whole of Korea captive to an imperialist foreign super-power.

The question of whether our advance to the Yalu was justified (about which I ventured no opinion) is an interesting one but, I think, extraneous.

Our response in Korea was no doubt in accord with the Truman Doctrine, and (I believe history will find) the one redounds to the credit of the other. Our intervention in Vietnam, however, is something else. The Vietnamese have not been threatened by "outside pressure"; the pressures – other than those we are exerting – are internal. Even if we arbitrarily put the Vietnamese in the category of "free peoples who are resisting subjugation by armed minorities" our "support" of the Saigon regime would not, under the Truman Doctrine have gone beyond political and material support. It was never (to the best of my knowledge) contemplated in 1947 or for many years thereafter that the United States would send military forces to other countries to help their governments deal with indigenous armed insurrections. The prevailing view in the past was that it was up to other peoples and their governments to defend themselves against internal attack with the United States assisting, if at all, only from the sidelines. If we have embarked on a policy of global intervention by military force on behalf of the status quo, it is a departure long post-dating the Truman Doctrine.

In both the Korean and Vietnamese wars the issue has been whether a people, a nation, is to be master in its own house. Having in the one acted in defense of that crucial principle we have in the other, through a conditioned reflex triggered by deceptive superficial parallels, acted to deny it. Perhaps the bitterest and most heartbreaking irony of our history is that without the precedent of Korea, where we had the international community with us and showed at our best, we should probably never have embarked on our present course in Vietnam, in which we are presenting ourselves to the world in the guise of a monster.

If Professor McGuire's thesis is not supported by the facts as I see them (and as I have presented them with the inestimable advantage of the last word), I still believe his thoughtful letter is a valuable one. It is high time for a completely detached reexamination of our attitudes and policies in the cold war, of the kind to which Mr. McGuire is subjecting our actions in Korea.

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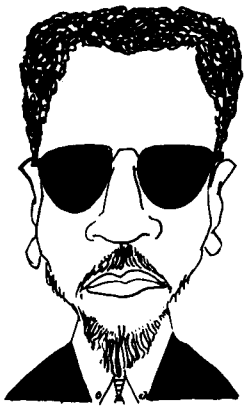

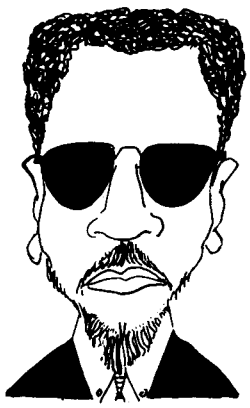

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Doomed Lovers

A film of Beauty is a risk forever. The Swedish director Bo Widerberg has taken that risk quite deliberately in *Elvira Madigan* and has come off fairly well; but finally his film falls short not only through the inevitable tedium – in a sense, the distraction – of the incessantly beautiful, but also because of the subject on which all this beauty is heaped.

The screenplay, by Widerberg, is based on fact, we are told. In 1889 a young cavalry lieutenant, Count Sixten Sparre, leaves his wife and children to run off with a circus tightrope-dancer named Elvira Madigan. They spend some idyllic weeks in the Swedish summer countryside, hiding out because he is a deserter. A brother-officer finds Sixten and tries to recall him to duty and family, without success. The lovers run out of money. Rather than return to the world and to separate lives, they agree to die. He shoots her and himself.

Elvira Madigan
(Cinema V)
The Comedians
(M-G-M)

Since this story is well-known in Sweden, Widerberg's primary job was not one of narration but of satisfying previous romantic fantasies in the minds of the Swedish audience. He wanted to eliminate the element of suspense for *all* audiences by putting a note at the beginning of the film synopsizing the facts of the story. (In America, at least, the distributor refused to oblige.) Forewarned would, to a degree, be forearmed, but even without the prefatory note, this is not a film with much narrative element; it is an exploration of a *state* – of being and feeling – which eventually dissipates. Widerberg, presumably having chosen the subject precisely for this reason, has concentrated on making the texture of that state as voluptuous as possible. His success with the texture is the success, and eventually the failure, of the film.

Virtually every shot is exquisite. Even the scenes toward the end when the literally starving lovers are scrounging on all fours for mushrooms and herbs, when Elvira gets sick, are exquisitely photographed. Jorgen Persson's color camerawork has all the golden lights of summer, in noonday fields and deep glades; his interiors are grainy with wood and cool with linen. Skies are impossible, flowers float, the fruit and cheese and wine look better than they could ever taste. The faces of the lovers, Thommy Berggren and Pia Degermark, are out of Degas, and the hotel cook, Cleo Jensen, has the good-natured, gently lascivious face of all the friends of lovers since lovers needed friends.

Like endless slices of delicious cake, the shots fall before us, one after another. Or, in another food figure, when the lovers dip raspberries in a pannikin of thick cream, I felt that they were dipping into the texture of the film itself. But the result is inevitable: the diet is *too* rich. It cloys. We become overly conscious of the industrious application of beauty, and we wonder whether, somewhere in the Swedish summer of 1889, there wasn't one unlovely prospect.

This discomfort would probably have arisen in any case, but it is emphasized here for another reason. These two lovers are stupid. What is obvious to the viewer fairly soon dawns on these two slowly and surprisingly. What are they going to do when Sixten runs out of money – the little money that he has with him? He cannot get a job. There is a brief conversation with a workman to underscore the fact that Sixten doesn't know any trade, and besides he is a deserter, subject to arrest. Elvira makes one attempt to earn money as a dancer, but clearly that existence would be, for him, intolerable. When his small purse is empty, the idyll will be done. This seems to surprise them, along with her apparent surprise when she learns that her parents are worried or his surprise when he learns that his wife is desperately grieved. What did they expect to happen? How did they expect to live?

It seems to me that there are two kinds of all-for-love lovers who are tragic: those who make plans to beat the world and who are frustrated (Romeo and Juliet) and those who *know* they are doomed and go ahead anyway because they prefer doom to separation (the pair in *Mayerling*). But this pair neither have any plan nor any sense of what they are getting into. They are just dumb. Their fate has some pathos because they *have* been happy and they do end up dead, but our impatience with them spoils the intended tragic fall. All the breath-taking long shots across quiet meadows, the prospects through waving grass, seem wasted on two ninnies.

None of this is the fault of the actors. Berggren and Miss Dagermark are subtle and true. Widerberg has handled them discreetly, and he has edited his film surely. Technically, his only lapse is his use of music. He plonks down a chunk of the slow movement of Mozart's 21st piano concerto whenever he wants a little more poignancy, beginning and ending the quotations abruptly. That music was lovely before Widerberg was born. It would be more of an achievement if he had commissioned the right composer, approved the right result, and mixed his sound-track more gently.

The Comedians is also about doomed lovers, but it is quite a different kind of story – a genre film, in fact. Graham Greene films are too few to make as solid a genre as Westerns and gangster films, but they are as instantly recognizable. *The Comedians* is the real thing, chock-full of Greenery.

Check the recognition-points. The setting is a rundown country with corrupt politics (here Duvalier's Haiti, instead of various African countries, Indochina, or Mexico). The hero is God's sinner – not actually a defrocked priest (although that phrase is used about him) but a swoopingly lapsed Catholic. There is an adulterous love affair that ends with heartbreak. There

(Continued on page 38)

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Books and the Arts

Dame Edith Sitwell's Show

by Stephen Spender

"Dame Edith Sitwell, D.B.E., D. Litt., D. Litt., D. Litt., D. Litt.," she wrote her name on the backs of envelopes – a command, rather than a hint, that her correspondents were expected to address her thus when they replied. This game of turning reality (for she did of course have all those titles – but who else would have dreamed of using them?) into a game of make-believe, characterized her relations with people. One was expected to play a part in a court which was transferred sometimes from "Renishaw," the famous Sitwell country house in Derbyshire, or Sir Osbert Sitwell's Italian castle of Montegufoni, to the Sesame Club in London: the extremely respectable haunt of surviving Victorian old ladies, with its elderly male manager, whom the Sitwells referred to as "Wiggy," and its chorus of characters seated in arm chairs or at tables in the dining room, all of them staring at Dame Edith. Sometimes she would stare back through half-closed eyes, as from an immense distance, while she said to her own party: "Looking round me I do wish that I was asked to cast the witches for *Macbeth*."

Dame Edith Sitwell
The Last Years of a Rebel
by Elizabeth Salter
(Houghton Mifflin; $5)

Miss Elizabeth Salter's memoir opens promisingly with a chapter describing her first visit to Dame Edith at the Sesame Club, when she was about to become her secretary. She conveys very well the atmosphere of the court, though settles somewhat unfairly on the distinguished exile, her devoted friend the Portuguese poet Alberto de Lacerda, as the most sycophantic of courtiers whose "flattery was deft and informed." The fact is that the price you had to pay for going to luncheon or tea at the Sesame Club with Edith Sitwell was to be a courtier. In modern life, this is such a strange thing to be, that I do not suppose most visitors felt that they were selling their souls. The atmosphere was, rather, of suddenly finding oneself a character in a play by Pirandello.

All the same the court did bring with it genuine rewards (of wit, good conversation, beautiful hospitality), its moments of humiliation when one felt one was participating in a ceremony – in the name of the spirit – abject to the spirit. There were cruel games: too cruel mocking of people, who were friends of some of those present, behind their backs. The games were funny of course; wonderful imitations of a lady of incalculable age who had once – perhaps in the 1880's – been a ballet dancer, climbing a cliff, which was the chimney piece of the Sesame Club drawing room, and gasping at the top "how wonderful!" by two of England's best ballet dancers. And a day later one would find oneself seated at luncheon next to the lady who had been so burlesqued.

Miss Salter's book is often revealing, but not always penetrating. She tells us, for example, that Edith Sitwell was deeply in love with Pavel Tchelitchew, and then goes on to describe their meetings, Tchelitchew, painting Edith Sitwell, etc. The affair dissolves into anecdotes which trickle away into trivialities. And this is true of most of the early chapters. But one wants to know (if the matter is raised – perhaps it would be better to say nothing about it), what being in love could have meant to one so armored and enamelled in her own never-outgrown childhood as Edith Sitwell?

Dame Edith had qualities of real magnificence. One felt that under this glittering and rather brittle surface there was a person capable of the utmost sympathy for others, extremely conscious of suffering, and herself unhappy. One caught many glimpses of her sympathy, which was the obverse of her social manner. She could occasionally be cruel – perhaps out of an almost hysterical shyness. But she could lie awake all night worrying about a friend's illness (which might be nothing worse than a cold). She devoted ten years of her life to supporting, tending, nursing, her companion Helen Rootham; yet one of the most revealing things in Miss Salter's book is the bitter resentful realism with which she could talk about Helen Rootham after she had died. But, on the whole, the fact that she came to hate the memory of someone on whom she had lavished so much love does not with her belie the love. It merely means that having given so much, she had learned later on how much had been taken away from her. She had learned from her friend's illness, her own sacrifice, how an ill person can exploit a comparatively healthy one. This throws some light on her "cruelty." Very tender-hearted and gullible even, easily taken in by people, she protected herself from her own sympathy by seizing on their foibles and weaknesses and holding them up to derision. But she did not always succeed in doing this. Of no one was it more true that her friends suffered from her other friends. For one Dylan Thomas there were a dozen hangers on, and her larger parties were assemblies at which some of those present seemed literally to have come up from under the ground.

If one allows oneself to dwell on Edith Sitwell's life one can be seized by the sense of its pathos. Her childhood was not just "unhappy," it was crippling of all her future, and her young womanhood – when she was landed with Helen Rootham – was not much better. She did not have the chance to grow into a real person. However, she made up for this by being more than real, more than life-

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size. She used her rather stooped body as a hanger on which she placed magnificent archaic robes. She covered her fingers with immense aquamarines, she crowned her egg-like head with magnificent headdresses. Her life can be interpreted as tragedy, but she played it as grand comedy, and for doing this in an age when most people go around being sorry for themselves and analyzing their unhappiness, she deserves more than two cheers.

If she spoke or wrote about her own mental or physical pain, she herself seemed outside and above it. The pain was somehow mixed up with gossip about her feuds with various persecutees and persecutors which were carried on with such spirit that one could not believe she really meant them quite seriously. She carried everything off with Yeatsian tragi-gaiety. She referred to the Royal Festival Hall concert in October 1962 in honor of her 70th birthday, as her Memorial Service. Though she was scarcely well enough to get through it, she made it a triumph. It was her magnificence and her eccentricity which really justified one waiting on her. There was a sense about all her appearances of a great historic occasion. And the photograph of the monument of Queen Elizabeth I in Westminster Abbey (on which Miss Salter comments "This could have been Edith as she was when I saw her last") is so like she must have looked on her deathbed that dead, she might just have been playing the role of Elizabeth.

One of Edith Sitwell's most beautiful and revealing poems is *Colonel Fantock*, an early poem dedicated to her brothers, and clearly autobiographical. I noticed that she did not care to discuss this poem, and she would certainly have been annoyed if one had said it is her best poem, which I think to be the case. To my mind it is deserving of attention because it provides a kind of norm by which one can discuss her other poetry. By its being a norm I mean two things: firstly that it places her in relation to other people confessionally, and far more directly than her other poems. Secondly that it is written with far greater simplicity than most of her poetry, and for that reason can be related to the best English poetry of the early part of the century, the difficulty with most of her work being that in relation to her contemporaries she seems so eccentric as to be impossible to judge. Even in *Colonel Fantock* her norm is that of an outsider, outside other people, outside life, but she recognizes this, and in art recognition of a loss is at least half way to recompense for it:

But Dagobert and Peregrine and I
Were children then; we walked like shy gazelles
Among the music of the thin flowerbells.
And life still held some promise – never ask
Of what – but life seemed less a stranger 'then'
Than ever after in this cold existence.
I always was a little outside life –

The last line is revealing of both her strength and her limitations. The note which is nearest to the center of her being is pathos. This comes out in her pity for the downtrodden, her feeling for animals, still more in the tone of her poetry which is at its best (as in "Still Falls the Rain") plangent. However, the pathetic is precisely that which, for reasons extremely honorable to her, she avoids. The consequences of her avoiding it are not altogether fortunate. The writing of this extremely personal poet acquires the strained impersonal tone of prophecy; the elements Earth, Water, Fire, Air, play too dominant a role; there is too much ice and gold and glittering stones.

Escaping from pathos, she is better when she is wildly hilariously eccentric in *Façade*, which is technically brilliant in a manner sometimes recalling the Gilbert and Sullivan libretti, but with knowledge of the Diaghilev ballet. As a result perhaps of our overnervous anxiety to "place" everyone, people are either entirely "pro" or entirely "anti" Edith Sitwell. Neither attitude seems convincing, because her personal legend is so overpowering that those who are "pro" often have the air of succumbing to it, those who are "anti" are inevitably influenced by resentment of it.

All one can be sure of at this stage is that the legend was certainly justified by her life, and by her great and almost selfless gift of presenting herself grandly; that there are a few rare poems expressing her deepest feelings in language and imagery of ravishing beauty; and that she always has in her writing the interest of a great eccentric outsider.

Miss Salter's book is over-chatty and cannot be called very good. However, it improves as it goes on, and the account of Edith Sitwell's last voyage, of her last appearances, and of her last days alive, is very moving. Miss Salter deserves the reader's thanks not just for this but for the impression one gets that she never failed to appreciate the greatness of Dame Edith Sitwell's act, even when it was overshadowed by realities of dying which must have imposed the greatest strain on her companion, the writer of this book.

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Grapes of Wrath

by Martin Duberman

The town of Delano is located in California's fertile San Joaquin Valley. Its climate has always been ideal for grape growing, but until the turn of the century the semi-arid soil seemed to doom Delano to being just one more signpost to nowhere. Then came irrigation. And hard on that, in the 1920's, a group of Yugoslavian emigrés arrived who had grown up tending vineyards along the Adriatic and were quick to see Delano's potential.

Delano: The Story of the California Grape Strike
by John Gregory Dunne
(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $4.95)

They had everything going for them – except a dependable labor force. California's farmers had always relied on foreign minorities to work the fields: the foreigners came cheap and tended to be docile. Until the 1880's the Chinese were the main source of labor, but a Congressional Exclusion Act, plus local vigilantism, forced the growers to turn to less despised minorities: Japanese, Filipinos and Mexicans. Congress soon proved, though, that in the area of prejudice at least, it is capable of speedy adjustment: in 1924 it passed an Immigration Act barring Japanese from entry into the country.

The remaining minorities were left alone – not only by Congress, but by labor organizers as well. Aside from an early effort by the Wobblies (which collapsed when they were themselves suppressed by local and federal authorities during World War I), nothing was done to unionize farm workers. "Only fanatics," the AFL announced in 1935, "are willing to live in shacks and tents and get their heads broken in the interests of migratory labor." That left the field open for the Communist Party, and its creature, the Cannery and Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union, did lead a number of strikes in the early thirties. But, as Carey McWilliams has shown in *Factories in the Field*, such efforts were successfully defeated by the proven combination of vigilante terror and official kangaroo courts.

With World War II and the detention of Japanese-Americans in concentration camps, the labor shortage became acute, so in 1942 the growers prevailed upon Congress to sign an informal agreement with Mexico to provide additional workers. These workers, or *braceros*, were imported for the duration of each harvest season and then shipped back to Mexico, their pockets supposedly bulging with Yankee gold. That at least was the theory. But the *bracero* program ran into trouble both because theory was followed and because it was not. Some growers cheated their workers on wages and transportation fees or turned to hiring "wetbacks" at cut-rate prices; these practices angered the Mexican government. Other growers, by paying the *braceros* their wages in full, contributed to the gold outflow from this country; this frightened the American government. And so the *bracero* program was allowed to expire in 1964.

The result was a contraction in the available labor pool for farm work. Two other developments strengthened the laborer's hand: the Supreme Court reapportionment decision which ended rural domination of the state legislature, and the national civil rights movement which encouraged the belief that the grievances of *all* minority groups might gain favorable hearing.

That the farm laborers had grievances was abundantly clear. Their average annual income in 1965 was about $1,350 and a full 84 percent of them earned less than the $3,100 usually taken to be the "poverty line." For this pittance they put in long hours under nearly intolerable working conditions. In order to pick grapes, a worker must hunch under the vines, where the heat is intense, the air stale, the gnats plentiful. To survive, some workers wear face masks; at the least they knot handkerchiefs around their heads to prevent sweat from blinding them. Living conditions are as bad as working conditions. With luck, food will be plentiful though simple, and the ac-

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Honesty and Competition

False Advertising Law and Policy under FTC Administration

George J. Alexander

Under the terms of the Federal Trade Commission Act, the FTC is responsible for enforcing both federal antitrust policy and "deception in advertising" restrictions.

Since one of the purposes of antitrust action is to increase competition, it might be expected that FTC decisions on false advertising would work to this end. In this first, and highly significant, examination of FTC false-advertising regulations, the author explores the possibility that the Commission may in truth be decreasing competition by some of its actions relating to deception in advertising.

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commodations, though barracks-like, will have workable plumbing (room and board usually go for about $2.25 per day, deducted from the pay check). Without luck, living conditions duplicate those described by Steinbeck in *The Grapes of Wrath.*

By 1964, in short, the time was ripe for a strike in the California vineyards, the stage set for Cesar Chavez.

Chavez had been born into a migrant farm family. He grew up in a series of labor camps as interchangeable as the crops his family trailed from state to state and the couple of dozen schools he moved in and out of. He remembers walking barefoot to school through the mud, fishing in the canals for wild mustard greens to ward off starvation, collecting tinfoil from empty cigarette packages to sell to a junk dealer for a sweatshirt or a pair of shoes. He remembers his parents getting up at 5:30 in the morning during the Depression to go pick peas all day in the fields and then not earn the seventy cents to pay the cost of their transportation. He remembers living under bridges for protection against cold and rain, being forcibly ejected by the police from the "Anglo" section of a movie theatre, working seven weeks picking wine grapes only to have the contractor disappear with his pay.

Chavez first became involved in political activities in 1952 when Fred Ross, one of the leaders of Saul Alinsky's Community Service Organization, encouraged Chavez and his remarkable wife, Helen, to take part in a voter-registration drive among Mexican-Americans. Chavez was soon hired by Alinsky as a CSO staffer at a salary of $325 a month; he stayed with the organization ten years, becoming general director in 1958. But by then Chavez had begun to feel dissatisfaction with CSO's increased association with middle-class reformers and with its wavering efforts to mobilize the poor. When his proposal for a farm union was voted down at the CSO convention in 1962, Chavez resigned, returned to Delano with $1,200 in savings, and founded the National Farm Worker's Association. It was the NFWA which jumped in to lead the grape pickers' strike that erupted near Delano in the spring of 1965.

John Gregory Dunne sets out in his

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book, *Delano*, to tell the story of that strike, a struggle which continues down to this day. He recounts the debilitating jurisdictional battles (often sharpened by racial antagonism) between the NFWA and rival unions from the AFL-CIO or from groups sponsored by the growers in alliance with Teamster organizers. He describes the financial difficulties the NFWA faced – still faces – simply in keeping alive; gasoline bills alone amount to $4,000 a month and telephone bills to $1,600 (the largest single contributor to the NFWA strike fund is Walter Reuther's United Auto Workers, though most of the money and almost all the strikers' food arrives in the form of small contributions, including five dollars from a cupcake sale held by the fourth grade at the Holy Angels School in Sacramento).

Dunne is especially good at elucidating the attitudes of the growers, men whom he sees not as undiluted villains, but rather as bewildered victims of their own 19th-century paternalism ("What is the problem? The workers . . . are our neighbors here and we were getting along well until the troublemakers started. . . . If my workers were unionized, they'd have had shackles around their necks . . . they wouldn't have the freedom our workers have now").

Dunne's "objectivity" sometimes serves as an easy way of avoiding the rigors of interpretation; he settles for presenting all available points of view instead of trying to discover where, amongst them, the truth might lie. In failing to adjudicate, he dilutes his own viewpoint: though his sympathy with the strikers is clear, his willingness to admit considerable contrary – and often specious – argument, ends by maximizing the "anguish" of the growers. Where Dunne does take on the job of interpretation, he too often performs it by indirection. This is especially true of his oblique devaluation of the commitment of "outsiders" who have come to the aid of Chavez and his organization. Dunne refers to one white clergyman as "never without a folder of press clippings detailing his skirmishes with Church superiors in the past decade." And he acidly comments that most of the white college students in Delano migrated there because it "was the only game in town" after they had been drummed out of SNCC and CORE. If Dunne has a reasoned case to make against the volunteers he should spell it out. Indictment by innuendo is never very attractive.

Indeed, "sketchiness" is the book's chief defect. Dunne tries to tell a complex story, one with reference points in several cultures and with historical antecedents dating back several decades, in a mere 176 pages. It is not enough, though his spare and affecting prose does convey considerable information in limited space. But what we need and do not get, are some solid analytical passages and some of those individual case studies (à la Oscar Lewis) which help to make concrete the suffering and endurance that statistics alone cannot convey.

Dunne does not even give us a depth portrait of Chavez. Now and then he drops a clue or an off-hand comment, but there is no confrontation with Cha-

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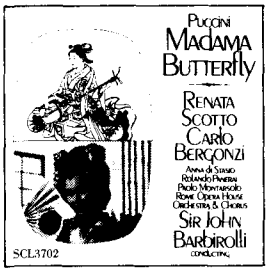

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vez' personal style or the thrust of his mind. Some of Dunne's offhand comments sound, intriguingly, rather hostile: "As usual, Chavez was late"; he is "just short of [being] pathologically suspicious of Anglos"; his voice suggests a "Messianic quality.") The portrayal of individuals can be legitimately ignored when an author wishes to focus instead on patterns of group behavior. But when sociological insights are likewise absent, there are grounds for complaint.

In a concluding paragraph – as unsatisfyingly succinct as the rest of the book – Dunne expresses well-grounded pessimism about the future of the NFWA. The strikers, it is true, have won contracts from some of the largest growers which recognize the union and provide for improved working conditions. (Since Dunne's book went to press there have been additional successes: as of early October, nine of the biggest firms have signed contracts covering about 5,500 workers; Chavez now claims about 8,000 dues-paying members in the NFWA; Eugene Nelson, a novelist and Chavez lieutenant, has carried the fight to organize farm workers into Starr County, Texas; and some union stirrings have been reported in scattered areas of Oregon, Arizona, New York and Michigan.

Yet the prospects for a national union of farm workers are not bright. One problem is financial: monthly costs of NFWA operations now run to about $50,000. At the same time membership enrollment is handicapped by the lack of indigenous leadership and by the tenacious anti-unionism of the growers, who can almost always count on the support of local authorities (in May, '67, the Texas Rangers played an enthusiastic role in threatening and beating up strikers in Starr County, Texas).

It may be, as Chavez himself has recently said, that what is most needed now is federal legislation to extend collective bargaining rights to farm workers, a protection given non-agricultural workers under the National Labor Relations Act of 1935. As matters currently stand, an incipient farm union has to struggle with an employer not only for improved working conditions but for that right of recognition which unions in most industries can assume. In short, the most direct tactic for achieving the unionization of farm laborers may be to pressure Congress into amending the National Labor Relations Act so that agricultural workers will be included under its collective bargaining guarantees. Such a campaign is unlikely to develop. There is too much distrust on the Left of federal programs and bureaucracies, too little interest on the part of organized labor, too negative a mood in Congress. Chavez seems to have little choice but to continue his effort at the grass roots, an effort beset with more perils than promise.

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MORROW

Christ and the Commissars

by Theodore Solotaroff

Two men are sitting in a park in Moscow. Berlioz, the notable editor and literary bureaucrat, is explaining to a talented but naïve young poet, Bezdomny, why he is so disappointed by his poem about Christ. Berlioz had expected an anti-religious poem, one that dealt with the subject as an illusion, merely another near-Eastern fertility myth. Bezdomny's poem is unfortunately realistic, his Jesus is full of faults but very much alive. The conversation proceeds desultorily. They have been drinking some vile apricot punch which apparently has given the editor a chest pain and the poet an attack of hiccups. Also they are distracted by a foreign-looking gentlemen who is obviously listening to their remarks from the next bench. Unable to contain himself, the foreigner asks to join their conversation. Could they possibly be atheists, he asks. Berlioz assures him that most Russians now are atheists. The foreigner is delighted to have this information, but wonders about the proofs for the existence of God, the obvious limits of human foresight and providence. Can man control his fate when a man doesn't even know what is in store for him that evening? A slight heart attack, such as Berlioz perhaps has just had? . . . Berlioz assures him that he knows what he will be doing that evening but the foreigner suggests that, on the contrary, he will have his head cut off. The two Russians grow more unsettled by this polite but grandiose man who says that he is a professor of black magic, who anticipates their thoughts and wishes, who claims to have breakfasted with Kant and to have been present when Christ's fate was settled. Professor Woland goes on to narrate an extraordinarily graphic account of an interview between a lonely, tormented cavalry officer, Pontius Pilate, and a most lifelike Jesus – nervous, fearful, trying to appear reasonable in every way, complaining that the man who accompanies him, Matthew the scribe, has totally misrepresented his words and actions, but who is seen carried away by his sympathy for Pilate's headache, his insights, his confidence in the truth that some things belong to Caesar and some to God. After he winds up his

The Master and Margarita
by Mikhail Bulgakov
translated by Michael Glenny
(Harper & Row; $5.95)
The Master and Margarita
by Mikhail Bulgakov
translated by Mirra Ginsburg
(Grove; $5.95)

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apocryphal tale, in which Pilate duels with Caiaphas to save this strange, amiable young fanatic, Professor Woland assures the two Russians that this is an eyewitness report. They decide that he is either mad or a counterrevolutionary spy: in either case he should be turned in to the authorities. Berlioz leaves to phone them, but he slips as he is crossing a trolley track, a train suddenly turns the corner, and Bezdomny, who has also broken away from the alarming foreigner, sees his companion's head come rolling across the pavement.

So begins *The Master and Margarita*, a remarkable literary document of the 1930's in which realism and fantasy are intricately woven together and a satire on the vices and follies of Bolshevik materialism is enclosed within a supernatural setting and framed by Christian values. Its author, Mikhail Bulgakov, has been virtually unknown in the West, mostly because his career was destroyed soon after it began by the Stalinist censors and hatchet men. Like his contemporaries such as Pasternak, Biely, Pilniak, and Zamyatin, Bulgakov was a modernist and a moralist, through whom flowed the deep religious current of Russian culture. As a result, he was virtually silenced after 1930 until his death ten years later. During this period he worked for the Moscow Art Theatre, a concession by Stalin himself who refused to allow Bulgakov to emigrate and who appears to have had rather involved feelings about him. A writer to his fingertips, Bulgakov went on adapting Gogol and Cervantes for the stage, wrote a great many plays himself, only a few of which were produced, and hacked out an existence as best he could. But it seems clear from *The Master and Margarita* itself that this novel, which he worked on for the last decade of his life, became his main reason for living. One imagines him, in the fashion of Machiavelli, turning from the isolation, waste, and frustration of his days to pour out his mind and heart into his richly wrought novel that is among other things a phantasmagoria of a berserk society in the hands of demons, a tale of a writer who has been destroyed and driven mad by the literary zealots, and a parable on the final supremacy of the

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spirit over the vanities and violences of illegitimate authority.

Much of the novel proceeds along the lines laid down in its opening chapters. The principal one follows the further adventures of Woland, or Satan, and his band of three devils who raise grotesque and ribald hell in Moscow for several days in the course of demonstrating "the seventh proof" for the existence of God. A succession of conventional Russians of the day-administrators, petty officials, workers, and beggars, most of them no better or worse than they should be – are put on, humiliated, and punished by Woland and his minions who have come to Moscow, as he says, to observe its progress. "I am not so much interested in the buses, telephones, and such," he tells an audience who have come to see him perform his black magic, "as in the much more important question: have the Muscovites changed inwardly?" Exploiting a talent for fantasy that is endlessly inventive, hilarious, and brutal, Bulgakov narrates a series of episodes that reveal the everlasting petty vice, greed, temerity, and hypocricy of the Muscovites, a number of whom are driven mad by the Devil's tricks. Woland and his band – Koroviev, a mordant buffoon, Azazello, a sadist with a protruding fang, Behemoth, a huge, vile black cat, and Hella, a beautiful, slightly putrefacting witch – lay waste the normal assurances of the public, good positivists all, while Bulgakov also gets in some more topical blows at impersonal bureaucrats, one of whom is reduced to an empty suit that continues to write away at his desk and at the regimentation of a typical office, whose staff find themselves unable to stop singing "The Song of the Volga Boatmen" at irregular intervals. The deeper satirical thrusts, however, are reserved for MASSOLIT, the official literary organization, with its private mansion, its French cuisine, its bloated carousing, its "All-Inclusive Writing Holidays, from two weeks (short story, novella) to one year (novel, trilogy). . . . "

One result of the Devil's handiwork is that several writers are forced to recognize the false and sordid nature of their vocations. The young poet, Bezdomny (literally translated by Mirra Ginsburg as "Homeless") goes mad in trying to apprehend Woland, enters a mental hospital (the only sane asylum in this society), and there undergoes a transformation which ends with his renouncing poetry, taking up philosophy, and developing a respect for the mystical experiences he has undergone. While in the hospital, he comes under the influence of another patient, known simply as The Master, who, like Bezdomny, had also written about Christ and Pilate. An act of love, inspired and supported by his mistress, Margarita, the novel had been summarily rejected by an editorial board, whose members then attacked him in print for subversive religious tendencies, and eventually drove him into a mental breakdown. Hapless and hopeless, he prowls the corridors of the asylum at night, a stolen set of keys to the other rooms being his one possession and interest.

In time, the pathos and symbolism of the Master's story is joined to the diabolism of the satirical fantasy. Margarita is approached by Azazello who lures her, by promising information about the vanished Master, into becoming a witch and serving as Woland's consort through a long and horrible Devil's Ball. This is the one weak and contrived section of the novel, though

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partly redeemed by Bulgakov's sardonic revelation of the natural witch that lurks in the temperament of this most serious and devoted of women. Margarita's experience among the damned who rise from their graves to attend the ball leads her to ask Satan to end the torment of the most wretched of them, in reward for her services, rather than to ask to have the Master restored to her. (The offer is Woland's: Margarita has, finally, asked for nothing, except to die. In one of the most striking, and probably personal statements in the book, Bolgakov has Woland say: "You should never ask anyone for anything. Never – and especially from those who are more powerful than yourself.") Margarita wins both the sinner's deliverance and the Master's return. Her compassion is eventually matched by his when, in the climax of the book, he delivers Pilate from his twenty centuries of penitential yearning for Christ.

Placed in this long, grisly tableaux like lions in a prison cell are three segments of narrative: Christ and the authorities, (told by Woland), the Crucifixion (dreamed by Bezdomny) and Pilate's revenge on Judas and Caiaphas (a surviving fragment of the Master's novel). Written with great imagination and feeling, they form the cutting edge of Bulgakov's theme and expresses, perhaps, the last hope and the ultimate commitment of his own life. (In the figure of Pilate, lonely and tormented in his power but closed to any appeal beyond the authority of the state, he developed an image of a destiny that must have been meant for Stalin's eyes.)

In the figure of a Jesus whose last words on the Cross were that he "regarded cowardice as one of the worst of human sins," he developed the model of his own faith. The passion of this faith apparently sustained him to the end; the passion of this hope was, of course, utterly in vain once he finished the novel it had partly enabled him to write. Without these higher purposes, sustained under great adversity and contradiction, *The Master and Margarita* would be only a frantic work recovered from a dark age. With them, it transforms the grotesqueness and brutality of most of its pages into a lasting message of the human spirit. Perhaps there is a moral here for our own literary devotees of blackness and magic.

A note on the two editions. Michael Glenny's translation restores a number of passages and comments that were expurgated from the text published last year in Moscow, but suffers from an English aunty quality in the prose that recalls the hand of Constance Garnett. Mirra Ginsburg's translation is made from the *Moskva* text, and, strangely enough, includes a bawdy song and at least one other passage that do not appear in the restored text. Miss Ginsburg's translation is more vigorous and, I imagine, more faithful to the tone of Bulgakov's writing.

Kennedy Up-to-Date

by Gilbert A. Harrison

To Seek a Newer World
by Robert F. Kennedy
(Doubleday; $4.95)

Like his Democratic forebears, Kennedy wishes to save our system by keeping it in repair. Thus, he seeks a better life for the poor, many of whom are Negro, undereducated, jobless. "Of all our failures in dealing with the problems of the poor," he says, "the greatest is the failure to provide jobs." The "new" way to do it (variations of which are being pushed by Johnson, Humphrey, Percy) is to cut big business in, make poverty a paying proposition, stimulate an increase in "investment to create productive jobs . . . in the ghetto itself." Kennedy wants to "enlist the energies, resources and talents of private enterprise" through tax incentives. He goes beyond making it safe and profitable for big capital to put money into the slums, however. Mr. Kennedy would like to have the people who live in the ghettos become more involved in and responsible for their communities. He believes that "the heart not only of the private enterprise program, but of nearly all programs aimed at alleviating slum conditions should be the creation of community development corporations," possibly "financed by an initial contribution of capital from the federal government." For their ongoing activities, however, these corporations "would need and receive no significantly greater subsidy than is ordinarily available to non-profit corporations under present law."

Like Mayor Lindsay, Kennedy favors decentralizing control of the school systems. He finds that the very size of these systems "draws the [school] board away from broad considerations of policy," that "the board is separated from the parents and citizens of the community, and drawn toward identification with the permanent bureaucracy that it was created to oversee, or with only a part of the community it is

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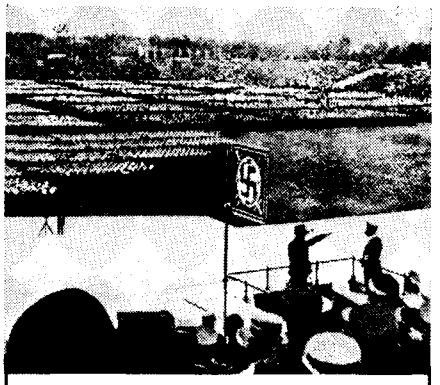

An observer at the 1927 Nazi party rally noted that the Nurembergers did not take it seriously. But only six years later Hitler became Chancellor of Germany. And by 1938—the year of the last rally—the whole world watched with growing apprehension the awesome spectacle, the extraordinary displays of military power and pseudo-religious pageantry that marked the Nuremberg party rallies.

How the rallies developed, how they impressed the world at the time, what lay behind the clockwork demonstrations—these are among the topics discussed by Hamilton T. Burden in this first study of the rallies in English.

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supposed to represent." Here his thought shows the influence of the New Left, as well as the Old Right, with their common fear of centralization of power and impersonal bureaucracy.

The Senator has a genuine interest in future voters; he admires them; he worries about their apartness and their complaints. He believes, however, that they have plenty to complain about.

In another chapter, Mr. Kennedy explains why there is also plenty to complain about in our relation with Latin America, why the Alliance for Progress has not been doing well since Lyndon Johnson came to the White House. Yet he doesn't despair of the Alliance. He believes the US can help Latin Americans to "meet the political challenges involved . . . by clearly associating ourselves with the forces of reform and social justice." It is a provocative remark, because it sets up the question of whether Senator Kennedy thinks the US should disassociate itself from the forces of repression and injustice. He has some sound advice about "subversion" in the Western Hemisphere: "If we allow communism to carry the banner and promise of reform, then the ignored and the dispossessed, the insulted and injured, will turn to it as the only way to get out of their misery"; adding that, "if we allow ourselves to become allied with those to whom the cry of 'communism' is only an excuse for the perpetuation of privilege; if we assist, with military materiel and other aid, governments that use that aid to prevent reform for their people, then we do much to insure that reform, when it comes, will bear the communist label." He points out that the techniques of counterinsurgency "are useful and valuable only when government meets its basic responsibilities and the basic needs of its people."

The chapter on nuclear weapons expresses concern that these weapons will get into too many hands.

The China section adds little to what has been said by him and others: the US should be in touch with Peking; we needn't become hysterical about the Chinese military danger to Asia; on the other hand, we can't ignore "the possibility that Chinese efforts to assist and even dominate communist movements in other countries may ultimately meet with occasional triumphs."

Finally we come to Vietnam. What Kennedy says comes to this:

We can't quickly get out and we can't smash our way to victory. In between, there's a policy that might lead to negotiations and a settlement, though what it is none of us can confidently say. Senator Kennedy is not to be faulted for not being too specific; in politics it's prudent to avoid getting stuck on the fine points; anyway, who at this moment would be so foolhardy as to put into print, especially between hard covers, a detailed plan for peace? Still, given such limitations, Kennedy's discussion of Vietnam is not altogether satisfactory. Let's see why.

He sets forth one "irreducible demand" on which the US cannot yield. It is that "we will not abandon South Vietnam to forcible takeover by a minority." There's a case that can be made for the fact that South Vietnam has already been forcibly taken over by a minority. Aside from that, there remains the more general question: why is this an "irreducible demand"? Is it because the American national interest requires it? He does not draw that conclusion. Is there some moral imperative that requires it? He does not say so. Indeed, he speaks of the "corrupting . . . self-righteous assertion of sweeping moral principles as a substitute for policy." And yet he returns to his "demand" several times: "the right of the people of South Vietnam to self-determination"; "a lasting settlement would be extremely difficult unless all parties are secure in the knowledge that free elections open to all would ultimately be held, and that those who win them would take office." Is this "irreducible demand" applicable elsewhere? Is it central to our foreign policy? If so, we are going to be kept busy. As C. L. Sulzberger of *The New York Times* wrote recently, "The governing system most common to the so-called developing world is democracy punctuated by *coup d'état*. Military rule of one or another sort has taken over in about one-fifth of UN's membership, primarily in newly independent Asia and Africa (with a Latin-

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Nancy and John Seletti aren't trying to save the world. Just a little piece of it.

About a mile outside the Korean village of Ku Am there are a few dozen young, still-tender mulberry trees growing on a small hill. Someday these trees and their succulent leaves will be the heart of a new village industry—a silk raising farm. That day is still many months off, but it doesn't stop the village men from making daily inspection treks up the steep hill, just in case. Just in case something miraculous has happened since yesterday. After all, it wouldn't be the first miracle to happen in Ku Am. Everyone in the village knows the story of Chang Sook, the daughter of the widow.

Ten years ago Chang Sook's chances of survival were as slim as she was. Her father had disappeared during the family's flight from North Korea. Her mother, a seamstress, worked a backbreaking day and most of the evening to earn $10 a month. Barely enough to keep them from starving.

But today that's all changed because an American couple named Seletti are sharing a little of their good fortune with a girl to whom a little means everything. Nancy, John and five-year-old Alexandra Seletti are New Yorkers. They're not fabulously wealthy as the villagers of Ku Am believe. But, they're not poor either. *Comfortable* probably describes them best. They have everything they really need, but give them ten minutes and they'll come up with ten things they want that $15 a month would buy. Luckily, they thought of Chang Sook first.

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American assist)." At this moment the US has friendly relations with quite a few governments which have been forcibly taken over by a minority; for example, Bolivia, Brazil, Nicaragua, Paraguay, Taiwan, perhaps even Russia.

Mr. Kennedy at one point says: "Withdrawal is now impossible"; later he warns against "precipitous withdrawal." It is never clear why. The closest we get to an explanation is that any "precipitous withdrawal in Vietnam [would] damage our position in the world." What is his evidence for that? Follow carefully. The evidence is first a 1965 statement of Prince Sihanouk of Cambodia. This is promptly undercut by a footnote, in which Senator Kennedy tells us that Prince Sihanouk "still insists that the security of Cambodia would be strengthened by American withdrawal from Vietnam." He then refers to some statement of the Prime Minister of Singapore (not quoted) who is said to believe that the United States should not retreat. That is not much on which to build so important a case.

Let us see how he deals with other arguments against withdrawal. He says that "beyond Asia, in other nations that have ordered their security in relation to American commitments, a sudden unilateral withdrawal would raise doubts about the reliability of the United States." But soon after he says, "Though portrayed as a necessary proof of our will and our ability to 'keep our commitments,' the war in Vietnam is very likely to have the opposite effect . . . certainly the sight of the world's largest and most powerful nation, so frustrated by one of the smallest and weakest of nations, must hearten believers in revolutionary war and the efficacy of communist tactics of organization." Moreover, Mr. Kennedy adds that "a great power does not cease to be that because it suffers a defeat peripheral to its central interests." Nor does he take the domino theory seriously; it is a "vast oversimplification." Letting our friends down? – "The war has estranged and alienated us from our closest friends in the Western Alliance."

Are we, then, as the Secretary of State insists, waging a war in Vietnam so as to teach the *Chinese* they can't get away with trouble-making? No, Kennedy does not buy this. The argument that "withdrawal would strengthen Chinese expansion" he finds "of questionable merit." "The most constant threat of Vietnamese history," he says, "seems to be hatred and fear of China. North Vietnam seems to have maintained its independence of China despite its need of Chinese supplies. At any rate, the war in all probability increases rather than lessens, Vietnamese dependence on China. Any extension of Chinese power would also promptly be resisted, as it was in Laos, by the Soviet Union. Further, despite the hundreds of thousands of battle dead China left there, North Korea has strongly asserted its independence of China." Mr. Kennedy further notes that although "China's menacing nuclear capacity will increase, probably rapidly . . . she remains without the transport and supply capability, the air and naval forces, to engage readily in prolonged aggressive conquest"; and he notes that "the record of Chinese effort to export revolution has been one of consistent dramatic failure."

But would not a precipitous US withdrawal prove that we no longer are willing to resist aggression? Mr. Kennedy seems to suggest that there's something in this. On the other hand, again in a footnote, he points out that he is very doubtful of the official argument "that the 17th parallel marks, roughly, one of those truce lines established after the Second World War, across which movement is simply not to be allowed: just as we could not allow movement across the 38th parallel in Korea, or across divided Germany." One difficulty with this argument, he says, "is that the bi-polar world is gone; in any case, to the extent there is a line, countries like Indonesia, Ghana, Yugoslavia, Egypt and Algeria have either moved across or astride it in recent years. The 'line' is no longer fixed, and will become less so with time." The second difficulty with the Korean analogy, he writes, "is that there were almost no South Korean insurgents, but only two nations where once there had been one. Our troops were not asked to occupy South Korea, but to repel a physical invasion. Syngman Rhee, moreover,

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was for all his faults the outstanding Korean nationalist leader; his closest counterpart in Vietnam is Ho Chi Minh."

The Senator disagrees with the President about bombing; we should stop it, though he is not at all sure that it would make much difference: "No one can say whether an offer not to bomb what remains will be regarded by the North as worthwhile. Much of the population of Hanoi and Haiphong has already been evacuated." Yet he would try a cessation. He would hope that some kind of UN force could move into Vietnam to report to the world on who is and who is not engaging in a military build-up. He doesn't think that hostilities would necessarily cease during negotiations, if and when they came about. The important thing is to get to the "negotiating table." To do that, we should be willing to talk to the NLF (on which Ambassador Goldberg agrees). He adds that the South Vietnamese government itself should start talking with the National Liberation Front, which might lead to cease-fires at the village and hamlet level, out of which might come new village elections "in which all sides, including the National Liberation Front, could freely participate."

Finally, Mr. Kennedy, echoing the late President, wants us to demonstrate that "this is a South Vietnamese struggle; that we are there to help but not to take over the country or the war from them." The recommendation comes a bit late, and the Senator seems to sense it. For he suggests that the US "work to end harassment by the [Vietnamese] military and secret police, and restore the village and hamlet democracy that has been suppressed." What if the Vietnamese leaders will not go along? Mr. Kennedy sees the question: "When the regime refuses reforms, we are told that we cannot reduce our assistance because to do so would injure the war effort. But . . . they must understand that refusing the necessary reforms will have direct and severe consequences. Continued support of a government that, after this long history and our patient effort, still refuses to reform, is not pragmatic or tough-minded. It is ideological self-deception, and a surrender of American interest to a government that without our support would not survive a month."

At the end, Mr. Kennedy admits that he has little to offer except "a change of attitude" on our part. Details of a settlement must "await actual negotiations." He says nothing that would lead us to suspect any confidence on his part in the ability of the Johnson Administration to extricate us soon. He concludes with exhortations of the sort that swell the heart in a time of hope, but this is not that time: "Only those who dare to fail greatly can ever achieve greatly"; then, "Few people are willing to brave the disapproval of their fellows, the censure of their colleagues, the wrath of their society. Moral courage is a rarer commodity than bravery in battle or great intelligence. Yet it is the one essential, vital quality for those who seek to change a world that yields most painfully to change." Amen.

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THEATRE

With Harlow in Hell

The Beard
by Michael McClure
(Evergreen Theatre)

The Beard is a difficult play to review. Apart from its internal opacities and constrictions, this short, purportedly scandalous work by the San Francisco poet, Michael McClure, has the further handicaps, as far as I am concerned, of having been called by Kenneth Tynan "a milestone in the history of heterosexual art" and of having been inserted by its New York sponsor Grove Press (advanced publisher and now advanced theatre owner) into a "total event" where media mingle and proper hip responses are expected to everything that goes on. The club that such total cultural happenings holds over our heads, of course, is the threat of disqualification for making choices and distinctions, but at the risk of cutting myself off forever from the Underground I'm going to make a few.

On entering the theatre you are plunged into a multi-media bath. The seats have one-word messages on them (mine was "liberty"), the walls of the room, which has been given a grotto-like appearance, carry a succession of projected images – lions, owls, eagles, flowers, abstract shapes, human eyes, the faces of Jean Harlow and others – and the place is filled with a steady aural bedlam: animal roars, bird shrieks, theme music from various movies, human voices, among which I thought I could detect those of Lyndon Johnson, Lenny Bruce and Eleanor Roosevelt. After about twenty minutes of this not wholly unenjoyable sensory circus a trio of hippyish musicians strolls in and plays and sings indifferent Bob Dylan-like songs for another quarter of an hour before taking its casual way by candlelight through the audience and out. A moment or so after that the stage lights go up on the play.

This attempt to construct at the same time an entry into and an environment for the play seemed to me to be pretty much of a failure. In the first place, once the drama proper gets under way it goes along like any other; all the preliminary sights and sounds are gone and you might just as well be sitting in the darkness of a staid old traditional theatre which has never been brought into the era of McLuhan. Beyond that, no mood or atmosphere has been created which is more than inferentially coherent with the play itself, since the latter is very much a monochromatic and single-leveled piece of work, although there are signs throughout of its aspiring to be much more. It is just this losing struggle to reach complexity of texture and motif that gives *The Beard*, for all its occasional flashes of high interest and originality, a peculiarly sluggish and static quality, as of something working against itself. For a play which, as everyone knows by now, is supposed to be greatly shocking in its sexual excitations, McClure's work is surprisingly tedious for a good percentage of its moments.

The basic dramatic proposition is arresting enough: to bring Jean Harlow and Billy the Kid together in eternity, face to face in the sort of otherworldly, middle-class room which Sartre employed for very different purposes in *No Exit*, and have them go at one another. When the lights go up they are seen sitting there stiff as studio portraits. Billy (Richard Bright) has nearly shoulder-length bobbed hair, a frilled shirt, hard black suit and gleaming boots. Harlow (Billie Dixon), with extravagant cotton-candy hair, shimmers in a seedy silver evening gown and has an enormous ratty feather-boa draped around her shoulders. Both wear little paper beards to suggest, I would imagine, immortality. They stare at the audience for a moment, then Harlow, still looking straight ahead, says in a sing-song,

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Mae West-tinted voice, "Before you can pry any secrets from me, you must first find the real me. Which one will you pursue?"

This ritual phrase runs throughout the play, often to good effect, and is the verbal mode and talisman of one plane of its operations. The other verbal procedure may be conveyed, in what is literally its minor key, by Harlow's snarling remark a little later on that "You're a sack of shit!" This vocabulary is undeniably as "dirty" as anything the American stage has ever known (which may have something to do with Tynan's extraordinary "milestone" remark) yet it is in no real sense shocking, which is to say morally disconcerting, nor is it in any way arbitrary in the manner of the obscenities in an ersatz work like Bruce Friedman's *Scuba Duba*. For it is there to release and embody most of the action between the pair, to *be* their central encounter in all but a few respects (crucial ones however), and as such it has to be judged for its dramatic value and effectiveness.

The ferocious lewdness is, in other words, never prurient but structural, one constituent of the play's attempted life as drama. For these two American legends, the cinema queen and the outlaw, are engaging in a duel to a certain kind of death and possible resurrection, a knock-down ballet of sexual thrust and parry, of desire and defense, come-on and come-down, with Billy's hard rapist's momentum running up against Harlow's satiny, wised-up, hands-off, daydream sensuality, her fixed and legendary position as shiny unavailable temptress. Or rather as we shall see, such mythic-sexual-sociological dimensions are what McClure is trying, with only partial success, to fill.

The two exchange ripostes which continue to center on Billy's attempt to get her to sit on his lap and "play" with him in the sex-manual meaning of the word, and her sometimes arch, sometimes urban-savage fending him off. "You want to be as beautiful as I am," she nasally tells him, to which in a fury he replies, "You're nothing but a bag of meat!" "You creepy bastard!" she yells, upon which he informs her that "YOU'RE A REAL BLONDE!" After a time this purely verbal sparring becomes interspersed with circumscribed physical actions: he bites her toe "Oh my God, there's going to be blood!" she wails) and tears up her panties after having persuaded her to sullenly take them off. The play ends with its only major physical event, the notorious scene in which he kneels before her and performs – in what must be said is a recognizable but extremely fuzzy and directorially diffident manner (the stage is almost dark) an act of oral sex while she screams over and over in ecstasy, "STAR! STAR! STAR! STAR! STAR! . . ."

As sexual clash and combat, and as an exhibition of voluptuous fantasy being released into theatrical actuality, the play is obviously mostly untrammeled and hard-driving. But, as I have said, it aspires to much more than this, and it is the failure of this aspiration which keeps it from being more than fitfully engrossing even on that *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf* level. McClure is continually trying to move past psycho-sexual boundaries into realms of metaphysical and cultural-philosophical recognition. The whole point of the couple's being dead and legendary is that they may now serve as exemplary figures of the American confusion between orders of being, of our perpetual conversion of sexuality into one kind of art – the popular mythology of archetypal surrogates, the blonde bombshell, the steely outlaw – and the consequent depletion of the sexual by being turned into emblem and shady metaphor. The hard insistent urge, beyond good and evil and beyond social "value" which sexuality continues to be at bottom is what McClure is attempting to liberate from its prison inside *culture*.

To this end Billy is given the task of trying to convince Harlow that they are both "divine," "immortal," and that this means they are free to do what they want to do, if anyone is free. "There's nobody HERE!" he keeps insisting; no one is watching them, they are beyond the social order, which has to fit sex in among other considerations and repress its amoral ambitions while exploiting it for purposes of civic and economic morale. Yet this theme is never more than stated, never made an integral element of the dramatic movement, a source of transformation for its explicit harshness and

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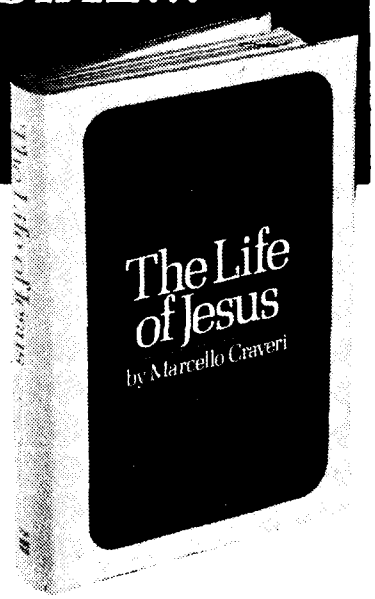

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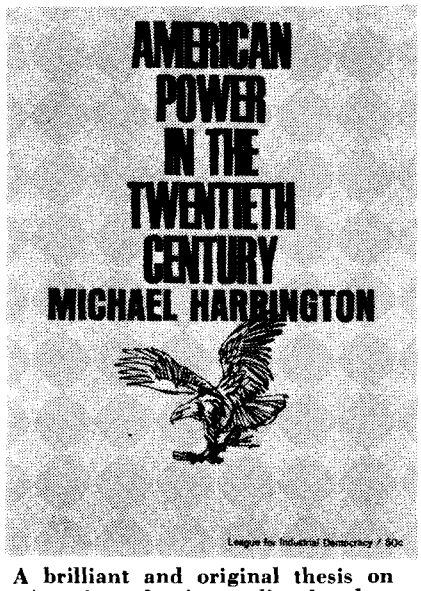

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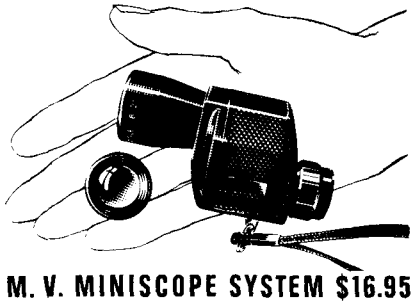

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ponderable assaults against what we already know. And this is mostly because Billy is its sole proprietor; while between scatological expletives he goes on reminding her of their wonderful status, she stays on the ground of her portrait as a dumb, foul-mouthed blonde, with the result that her naturalism pulls away from his half-incantatory and poetic task. And that poetry is never acute or interesting enough to work as a kind of yeast bringing the rest of the material to a rise despite itself.

This canceling out of the play's major possibility – to be more than a fierce sexual vignette with philosophical overtones – is exemplified throughout in the performance of Bright and Miss Dixon. At home in their roles after months of the play's troubled existence in San Francisco, they are nevertheless unsure of what they are ultimately supposed to be. Ritualistic and matter-of-fact by turns, really clawing at each other at moments and turning away to reach for deeper implications at others, rather limited in voice and range of expressive gesture, they end as murky figures halfway between the implacable clarity and self-sufficiency of the new, non-naturalistic dramatic imagination and the familiarities and easy recognitions of the school of art as linguistic and sexual freedom. The direction, by Rip Torn (that's correct), has much the same irresoluteness, astutely ceremonial and uninspiredly casual in turn. Everything therefore mounts up to a perspective on *The Beard* as occupying that foggy ground of contemporary culture where new energy hasn't yet found a distinct shape and revolutionary sounds outstrip the creation of revolutionary substance. RICHARD GILMAN

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Stanley Kauffmann's *book,* A World on Film, *has just been issued in paperback by Dell.* Martin Duberman *is the author of a play,* In White America, *which had an extended off-Broadway run a few seasons back.* Theodore Solotaroff *is the editor of the* New American Review.

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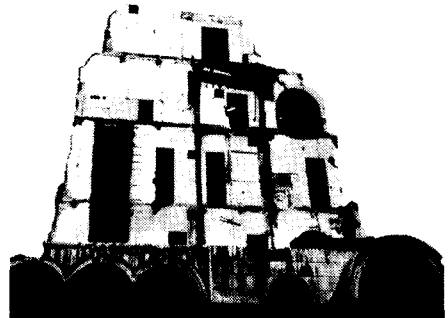

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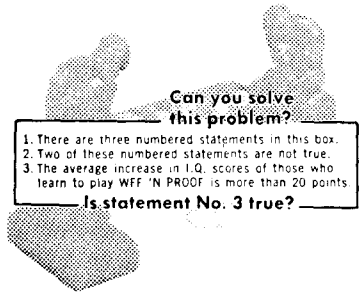
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Kauffmann, *from page 20*

are wicked politicians and policemen who are quite articulate about their wickedness. There is even a suggestion of the apostolic succession of martyrs at the end (as in *The Power and the Glory*). Everything is in order, especially because the hero is Richard Burton, who is never better than when glamorously radiating self-disgust.

Also, it is Peter Glenville's best piece of film direction – a compliment that can be measured against such dismal past work as *Summer and Smoke* and *Becket*. The film ambles along, without much trace of style or imagination, but at least this time Glenville does not actively impede it. Glenville is not entirely helped by the screenplay (Greene's own) which seems to end about three different times, nor is he himself able to help Elizabeth Taylor. She plays the German wife of a Latin-American diplomat, and is the inamorata of a scruffy hotel-keeper (Burton). In this film, made in color, the most remarkable thing about Miss Taylor is that she looks like a tawdry picture-postcard of herself: her eyelids are *so* blue, her lips *so* red, her cheeks *so* pink, etcetera, as far as the censor allows.

But to give Glenville his due, if he has been unable to make Miss Taylor look like anything but the stoutish star of an amateur theatre, he has got an unusually valid performance out of the tricksy Peter Ustinov as her husband and the first restrained performance I have seen by James Earl Jones, as a rebellious Haitian doctor. Roscoe Lee Browne is winning and delicate as a Haitian gossip columnist, and Alec Guinness is seedily sharp as a fake ex-major. A bumbling American couple, Paul Ford and Lillian Gish, are tiresome, but then those characters – two sillily innocent, overbearing American tourists (elder cousins of the pair in *Two for the Road*) – are tiresome before they enter. On balance *The Comedians* is not remotely in the same sphere with its author's best films, like *The Third Man* – not even with *The Heart of the Matter* – but it's pleasant to spend two hours again in Greeneland, still well-stocked with bilious minor crucifixions, furtive fornication, cynical politics, and reluctant hope.

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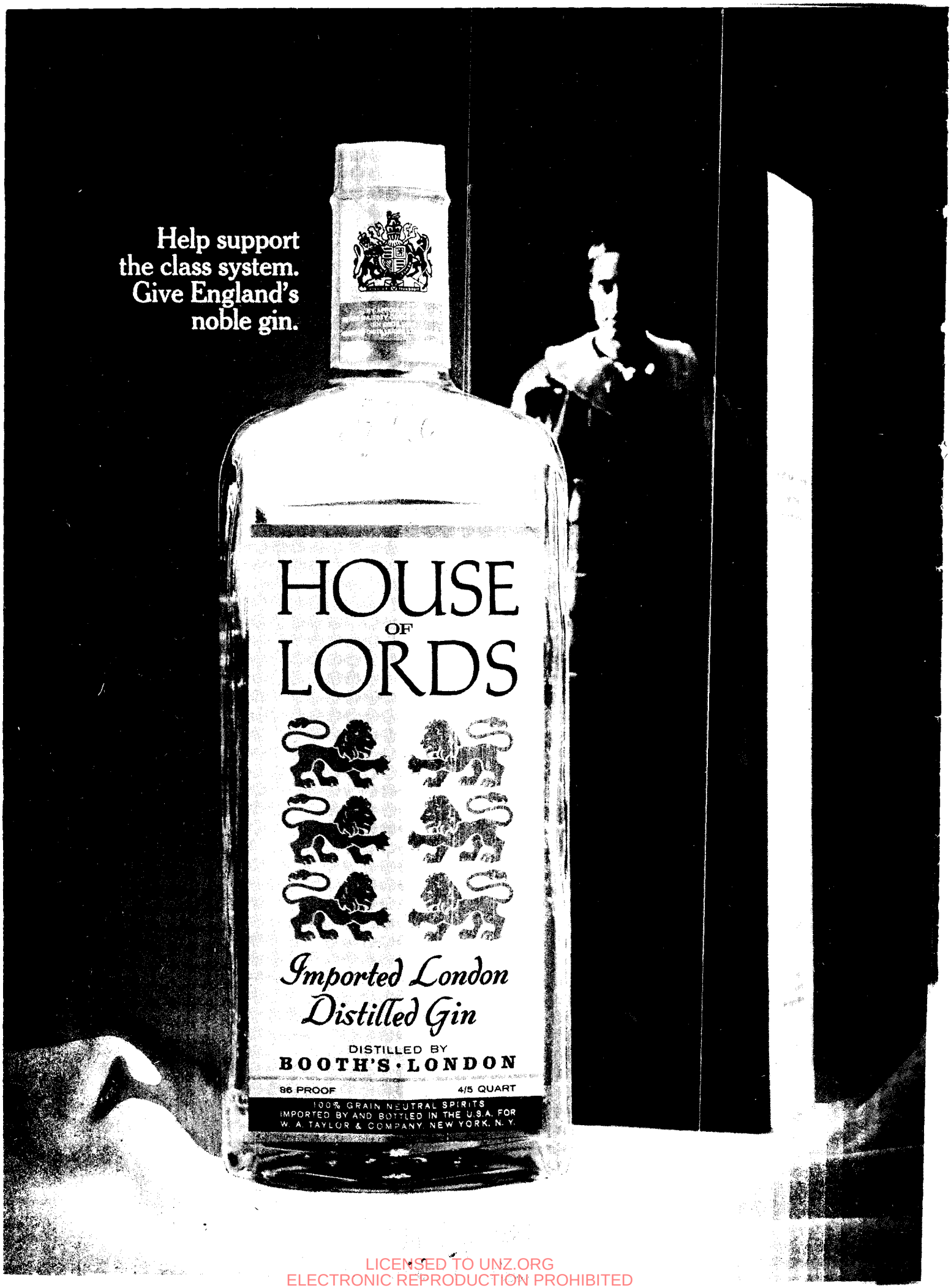

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